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SIXPENCE.

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HEIR TO RUSSIA'S TRIBULATION: THE LITTLE TWO-YEAR-OLD TSAREVITCH ALEXIS. THE TSAR'S ONLY SON!

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OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

MOST of us who live in the moving modern world have become rather tired of the subject of motor-cars. But I notice that some quiet, old-fashioned newspapers still devote their chief attention to them. For example, the *Daily Mail* continues gravely to grapple with the problem of whether, when a motor-car knocks down a village child, we should blame the child or remonstrate with the motor-car. In no case does any one of these writers in discussing any one of these problems apply to it any clear principle of public criticism, good, bad, or indifferent. We are told vaguely that motor-cars are a matter of progress or of scientific development, or of the new order; but no one makes any intelligible effort to reconcile what is called the new order with what is called the old. The broad principle of the thing is surely simple enough. If a new mechanical instrument goes like a thunderbolt through an old English village and kills a child who is loitering about in the road, it is surely obvious that the responsibility lies with those who adopt the new custom of motoring, rather than with those who adopt the old and far more creditable custom of loitering. If a child plays in the middle of the road of some tiny town in Kent or Hampshire, the child can at least say (if he is sufficiently learned) that children of his race have played in the middle of that road ever since the Norman Conquest. The motorist cannot say that his family even two generations back drove a motor-car. Two generations ago, perhaps, they did not even drive a donkey-cart.

But the case for the child rests on something much clearer and saner than anything connected with aristocrats. It is an obvious canon of justice and commonsense that we have no right to invent an entirely new process and then complain that the civilisation to which we belong does not immediately take account of it. We have no right merely to invent something very fast and then call everything else very slow. Suppose I discover to-morrow (through my earnest scientific researches) that I can get home by the simple process of being fired out of a cannon from Fleet Street to Battersea. Perhaps I have a right to employ my enormous wealth in order to reach Battersea in two minutes. Perhaps I have a right to erect an enormous cannon in Fleet Street on my own freehold and at my own expense. But supposing that I did this to-morrow morning, I must confess that I cannot think that I should have any right to complain of all the other modes of transit as the motorists complain about the children who play upon the roads. I do not think I should be justified in accusing a motor-car which was going at full speed of ostentatiously loitering in my path. I do not think that I should be right in saying that I found a railway-train obstructing my cannon-ball out of mere idleness and insolence. I should not say that I found the Scotch Express playing in the middle of the road. I should not say or have the right to say any of these things, because I should know what it was that I was really doing. I should know that I was, by the mere power of possession and of nothing else whatever, invading the existing civilisation of my country.

In a queer case which was reported the other day, described in the newspaper as a case of witchcraft, the magistrate who tried the case laughed heartily, and said that it was odd to think that such things could happen in the twentieth century. His remark betrays a characteristic ignorance or innocence which marks the modern comfortable man of that class and type. I doubt if any one century is much more superstitious than any other century. In so far as there is a slight difference, the twentieth century is more superstitious than the nineteenth century; and the twenty-first century (to all appearance) will be more superstitious than the twentieth. You can never entirely kill superstition, for one very simple reason: that it is entirely reasonable. If ever superstition was suppressed, it would have to be suppressed like any other tenable and intelligible heresy; its upholders would have to be burnt at Smithfield. You would have to force men to walk under ladders and punish them for avoiding peacocks' feathers. As long as there is a human child he will try to walk on every other paving-stone; and his philosophical justification will be that he is, with the aid of a dim tradition, experimenting with the unknown. No intellectual movements, however searching, no logical processes, however severe, can ever alter this ultimate possibility; for all such intellectual movements and logical processes bring us at last to the edge of what is called the Unknowable; and there our poetic curiosity begins. For what is the good of being a man at all if one is not always trying to know the unknowable? There was enough intellectual stirring and analysis to set up a hundred sceptics at the time of the Renaissance and the Reformation. But most of the witches were burnt after the Renaissance and after the Reformation. We call the eighteenth century the Age of Reason. But it was also the Age of Cagliostro.

The case with which the magistrate dealt was, to all appearance, at any rate, a case of common fraud. It is a peculiarity of the case of witchcraft that if you have convicted a human being of the fraud, you have acquitted him of the crime. He is pardonable if he is false; he is only detestable if he is sincere. Of the numbers that were punished as witches in the past, a quite astonishing proportion confessed that they were witches. Confess is, indeed, hardly the word. They boasted and bragged that they were witches. Anyone curious in these matters may read for himself the conversation between James VI. of Scotland and some women accused of witchcraft. The argument is close and keen; it is excited and still logical. And throughout the whole thing King James is trying to prove to the women that they are not witches, while the women are trying to prove that they are witches. But one thing, at least, is quite clear and certain. There is more evidence, more smashing legal evidence, that those women were witches than there ever was that Fauntleroy was a forger or that Deeming was a murderer. Very few modern Judges would have the humane scepticism of King James. Very few modern Judges would exhaust themselves with arguing with ten burglars all of whom passionately accused themselves of burglary. Very few would use all the resources of logic in order to trip up twenty-seven bigamists, each one of whom (with the tears streaming down his face) accused himself of bigamy. Doubtless some of the people who accused themselves of witchcraft were morbid. Similarly some of the people who accused themselves of murder are morbid. But nobody makes that a reason for saying that murder does not exist. Hence, for my own part, I believe that the people who said they were witches were telling the precise truth. I believe they were witches—that is to say, people who deliberately sought to create a connection between themselves and whatever evil powers may exist in the universe.

Whenever men really believe that they can get to the spiritual, they always employ the material. When the purpose is good, it is bread and wine; when the purpose is evil, it is eye of newt and toe of frog. In this particular matter the witch's charm included the hair of a black cat. But this is no more insane than the ingredients that have been immortalised by Shakspeare. And indeed it is beside the mark to call such ingredients insane. They are intended to be insane. They are chosen because they are insane. They are meant to put men into communication with the insane elements in the universe—with the lunatics of the spiritual world. How far they can succeed nobody can tell; but it is as reasonable to suppose that ugly actions (like tearing off a frog's toe) may dispose us towards bad influences as to suppose that beautiful actions (like kneeling or uncovering of the head) may dispose us towards good ones. How much is the act and how much the association we do not know; but neither do we know it in daily life. If you are braced with a sea bath you do not know much of it is the chemistry or the salt and how much of it is the poetry of the sea. If you are warmed with a glass of wine you do not know how much of it is wine and how much of it is the idea of wine.

Last week the Jesuits were busy electing a new General; and the newspapers were saying a great deal about it, generally trying to be as dark and mysterious as they suppose the Jesuits themselves to be. One man said the Jesuits' choice would be dictated by the German Emperor—a statement that conveyed no meaning to my mind. Others said that the affair would have some reference to the acceptance of the present Italian political settlement. As nobody seemed to suppose that the Jesuits might possibly elect the man whom they thought best fitted for their own purposes, the controversy left me cold. The conventional idea of a Jesuit is that of a man who commonly goes on a railway journey inside his own Gladstone bag. But this has singularly little reference to the existing atmosphere and conditions of the great Order. The best work for some time past that the Jesuits have done for their Church has been in philosophy. Their theory is in many matters lucid and suggestive; their political practice has been rather clumsy than otherwise. Many writers who do not believe in Christianity praise clerical diplomacy with extraordinary passion. They say that it is no wonder that a system was accepted as divine when managed with so much sagacity and cunning. I do believe in Christianity, and my impression is that a system must be divine which has survived so much insane mismanagement. At the time when the Jesuits were first active they were given to intrigue, but then the whole world of that century was given to intrigue. Wherever we look in the seventeenth century there are conspiracies and rumours of conspiracies. There is always either a plot or a plot to say there is a plot. But there is something almost childlike about that kind of secrecy; nothing is so childlike as hide and seek. I do not believe myself that Bacon wrote Shakspeare and explained it all in a cryptogram; I think it is incredible. But I will concede this to the Baconians, that if there ever was a time when a man might have been such a lunatic, it was the time of Bacon.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"PETER'S MOTHER," AT WYNDHAM'S.

MISS Marion Terry is an actress of such exquisite sensibility, such gracious and wistful charm, and such consummate technique that a new play in which she appears need do little more than provide her with an appropriate rôle amply to justify its existence. The title-part of Mrs. Henry de la Pasture's little comedy, "Peter's Mother," produced at Wyndham's Theatre last week, serves as an admirable vehicle for the expression of Miss Terry's winning personality, and would on that account, if devoid of other merits, deserve most indulgent treatment. But the play has other recommendations than the acting opportunities it affords to an artist as accomplished as she is sympathetic; it develops very pleasantly, if rather conventionally, a pretty idea. Mrs. de la Pasture imagines a woman with a disposition made for mirth and happiness who has alike, as wife and mother, been suppressed by the selfish tyranny of her husband and her quite well-meaning young son; and the play's most delightful scenes turn on the boy's seeing his mother in a new light and becoming conscious that even the most maternal of women may wish to gratify desires and possess an individuality of her own. Owing to the exigencies of the playwright's theme, Miss Terry has, therefore, to exhibit Peter's mother in three different phases: first as a wife half-obedient, half-resentful, of the exacting demands of a sickly, and as it proves, dying husband; then as a widow who has recovered her vitality, and endures with good-humoured tolerance her son's disapproving surprise at finding her, when he comes back from service in South Africa, an altogether younger and gayer creature than before; lastly, as a woman full of joy and gratitude at having come even late into the kingdom of love and having happened on the most suitable of second marriages. It was hardly to be expected that a dramatist of Mrs. de la Pasture's limited experience should not exaggerate the contrasts and over-accentuate the changes of aspect involved in her heroine's evolution. But there is sufficient human nature in the leading notion of the play, and sufficient wit and humour in its dialogue, to excuse its artificialities; and Miss Terry is so essentially womanly at every stage of the action that it would be almost ungracious to protest that she is not quite allowed to round off the heroine's portrait artistically. Other good performances at Wyndham's are those of Mr. Norman McKinnel as the narrow-minded husband, of Miss Hilda Trevelyan, very sweet as Peter's fiancée, and, above all, of Mr. A. E. Matthews, whose unforced and perfectly natural representation of a typical English boy furnishes a splendid foil to Miss Terry's own impersonation.

"JOHN BULL'S OTHER ISLAND," AT THE COURT.

The little playhouse in Sloane Square may still be styled the Bernard Shaw Repertory Theatre. On Monday night "You Never Can Tell" gave way to "John Bull's Other Island," and the amazing and amusing story of Mr. Broadbent's adventures in politics and in love was once more told to a full and delighted audience. Surprise is not exactly the strong point of Mr. Shaw's plays, which attract by their wit, by their clear-cut if superficial characterisation, and by their trenchant and often irrelevant discourse rather than by their plot. So when we say that Mr. Louis Calvert plays Broadbent—the author's customary wind-bag hero—with his old inimitable verve and humour; that Mr. Ben Webster as Larry Doyle, and Mr. Edmund Gurney as Father Dempsey, are both happily placed; that Miss Ellen O'Malley again makes Nora the most ingenuous of all possible Shaw ingénues, and that in every case the Shavian characters are made incarnate and the Shavian dialogue given fullest point, we have sufficiently indicated the kind and the measure of entertainment at present offered at the Court Theatre.

MUSIC.

THE QUEEN'S HALL CONCERTS.

PROMENADE Concerts have always attracted the London public. The privileges extended to the man who is never quite happy unless he can smoke may be responsible in part for the steady record of good attendance, and for a certain measure of hesitancy on the part of the authorities in bringing the programmes into touch with modern requirements. At last, after many years of doubt and hesitation, the general public has realised the possibility of being on terms of easy familiarity with musical masterpieces, the Queen's Hall orchestra has recognised and even developed the changing mood, and to-day London is as advanced as Berlin, or Vienna, or Paris. Familiarity has not bred contempt, but has made for contentment. It is quite interesting to watch the effect upon the Queen's Hall audience of very modern work. The suspicion and unrest that could have been noted only a few years ago, and are in evidence even now at first performances of very abstruse music, have gone; the rapid growth of general musical education and the consequent development of the national ear help people to face the most difficult piece with a measure of confidence, to appreciate its beauties, and to recognise frankly and without impatience the impossibility of grasping at a single hearing a scheme upon which the composer has spent years of study and toil. The reception of Strauss's "Don Quixote" last week was flattering alike to composer and audience. These "variations upon a knightly theme" are a philosophy of life expressed in terms of music, the work of a man who is philosopher, humourist, and poet, and has chosen music as his medium, developing orchestral resources beyond the limits that were recognised before he entered the arena of the composers. If there were passages in the variations that seemed to pass the limits of comprehension, if there were moments when the proper function of certain musical instruments seemed to suffer abuse, the close, in which Don Quixote—represented by the 'cello solo—reflects upon

the vanity of his own life-struggles, united the audience in a tribute to a work that, for all its idiosyncrasies, is great, enduring, and of rare interest.

With Strauss, musical development enters upon a new phase; the strain upon ears and mind must needs be a painful one at first, but it is honest to recognise the possibility that, while work cannot yield its treasures at a first hearing, it may be well worthy a second or a third endeavour on the part of those who recognise that the composer is a leader of men.

The Beethoven and Wagner nights at the Queen's Hall have been delightful. A packed and attentive audience has responded to a brilliant and responsive orchestra, and if the soloists are not always quite satisfying their quality tends to improve. Even on popular nights the programme does not lack merit. But a few years ago it would have included a selection from "Les Cloches de Corneville" and a stirring performance of British Army Quadrilles. We must have a good word for the forces of civilisation and progress under the circumstances.

On Sept. 17 Miss Marie Tempest made her debut as a music-hall star at the Palace Theatre. Miss Tempest added yet another to her big list of successes, and proved herself as great a music-hall *artiste* as she is a *comédienne* and a light operatic singer.

ART NOTES.

PHOTOGRAPHY makes the annual demonstration of its higher nature at the gallery of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours. The earnest band that claims for photography a place among the fine arts has certainly a good argument in the exhibition which never fails to astonish eyes dulled for a year by the prints of commerce. Clever men, of excellent judgment and extraordinary ingenuity, are making pictures with the camera. Henley discovered a "madrigal in stone" in the Strand; music has been found in poetry, and poetry in music, and now at the Photographic Salon water-colours and mezzotints, silver-points and charcoal-drawings, are found in the gum-print or some other process of the dark-room.

Indeed, a distracting element of the modern photograph is its simulation of the look of some familiar artistic medium. If the members of the Linked Ring who conduct the Photographic Salon would realise that photography will not take its place among the arts by imitating the look of a drawing or a painting, they would arrive at their goal less circuitously. Mrs. Julia Cameron affected no kinship with any other method of art when she made her incomparable photographs. Her genuinely artistic temperament expressed itself with mysterious completeness, though walled in, it might have been thought, by the limitations of mere mechanism. And yet Mrs. Cameron—the Mrs. Cameron of forty years ago—is the Linked Ring's best argument. Her directness of method, and acceptance of the camera's own manners, made her the greatest of photographers, for she did not impair her results by the complications of imitation. She would have been, in all probability, but a second-rate etcher, perhaps a third-rate water-colourist, even while she was queen, and queen without a consort, of photographers.

The statement in the Press that the author and wit who lately sat for Mr. Neville Lytton in the garb and attitude of Velasquez's pope, naming himself the Modern Innocent, was the model for Mr. Coburn's study of the nude in the Photographic Salon, is not maintained by any very definite resemblance. Mr. Coburn has used the pose of Rodin's "Le Penseur," but his model has been singularly undramatic in his interpretation, or, possibly not having seen the intense original, has not comprehended his part. We fear the Linked Ring must be saddened to see how completely Mr. Coburn has failed to wrest the wreath from sculpture to the camera. Mr. Coburn, an American whose recent exhibition of photographic portraits gained for him great admiration, is more obviously successful in the exhibits that are not problematic likenesses of man or super-man. A series of pictures of the shipping of Liverpool, with complexities of spars and rigging, are singularly happy. In one, the vast rudder of a liner in dry dock is seen sheathed with scaffolding and alive with men; there is romance in the subject, and the greys of dock scenery, with its reflections and shadows, are admirably photographed. And we like Mr. Coburn's work the better because we can say of it that it is photographed; it is straightforward, and does not appear to suffer much manipulation after the camera has done its share.

Baron A. de Meyer contributes half-a-dozen photographs, including a head of Mr. Coburn, and, most effective of all, a portrait of a lady whose head is bowed in grapes, with the title of "Plein Air." The uses of the title are by no means neglected. The camera, let it be known, can make its "Nocturne" or its "Harmony." Mr. E. O. Hoppe sends "Nuit Imminente, Etude Japonaise," an interesting picture of a spreading fir-branch against the sky and a low horizon, in composition much resembling a Hiroshige Japanese print. Mr. Reginald Craigie sends a fine portrait, and Mr. Sydney Carter is twice reminiscent of Mrs. Cameron. Impressionism is rampant in Mr. Grove's "The Vigil," a print at first sight looking like some fantastic mask with a roving eye, but later evolving into a snow scene with a distant cottage and a window, at which stands a watcher. The tone of the figure has been accentuated out of the bounds of truth, and proves how dangerous it is to meddle seriously with the camera's vision. Mr. Arthur Marshall's "Precious Stones" are stones of Venice, well composed; and his "A Venetian Pearl," the Church of Santa Maria della Salute seen in sunlight, is a beautiful photograph spoiled by an intentional untruth in the matter of the sunlight, which falls like a gently illuminant mist upon the scene. The Photographic Salon shows what is best and most original in studios and considered work with the camera, and will be a revelation to a public that has not had many opportunities of making themselves acquainted with the new art.—W.M.

MR. HALDANE'S ARMY SCHEME.

THE Secretary of State for War delivered a very interesting speech last week at Newcastle-on-Tyne, in presenting the prizes to the 3rd Battalion of the Northumberland Fusiliers. Referring to the General Staff Order, he confessed that the original idea must be labelled "Made in Germany," and acknowledged his indebtedness both to the Hartington Commission and to the Escher Committee as well as to the memorandum put forward by Mr. Arnold Forster. "A nation in arms," said Mr. Haldane, "is the only safeguard for the public interests," and he went on to express his belief in uniting the national Army, with Regulars, Militia, Yeomanry, and Volunteers all forming one great body devoted to a common end. He pleaded for system in training the Volunteers, suggested that the best ages for beginning with the raw material were the years between eighteen and twenty-five, and declared that the training of Volunteers and Regulars should be brought together as closely as possible under the single command of a general officer in command of the part of the country where they were. A sufficient national enthusiasm would suffice to bring into the field and maintain there seven, eight, or nine hundred thousand men. The regular troops ought to work with the Volunteers, and he would like to see them affiliated. "There are two alternatives open to the British nation," concluded Mr. Haldane: "either a general disarmament, which would solve many problems, or the placing of our national defences in such a condition that as a nation and as an Empire we may feel secure, whatever evil time may come to us." This very temperate speech will be hailed with pleasure by all who realise that Mr. Haldane, in making a strong man's effort to handle Army problems, is not blind to the dangers that would threaten the Empire if the Little Englanders could have their own way, and the national armaments could be made into a vast and monumental scrap-heap.

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THE WORLD'S NEWS.

PORTRAITS.

GENERAL TREPOFF has evaded all sections of the revolutionary party in Russia. He died suddenly on Saturday last, the cause of his death being angina pectoris. Demitri Trepoft was said to be an illegitimate scion of the House of Romanoff; he was born in 1855, and obtained a command in the Horse Guards at the age of nineteen. He served in the Russo-Turkish War, and afterwards became Head of the Police in Moscow and the trusted agent of the Grand Duke Serge, through whose influence he received promotion and a place in the Emperor's service. His treatment of Moscow students was so abominable that the Minister of the Interior transferred him to Manchuria, and on his road thither he was detained at St. Petersburg at the moment when public feeling there ran very high. In that hour of crisis the Tsar appointed him Governor-General of St. Petersburg, and the brutality associated with the events of Jan. 22 proved that he was not afraid of exercising his authority. A man who was not afraid to shed blood, and had a supreme contempt for the revolutionary party, was too valuable to send to Manchuria, and Trepoft became Chief of all the Police, and later, Commandant of the Peterhof. Curiously enough, he modified his political outlook while in power, supported the Duma and opposed its dispersal, to the great delight of his many enemies, who were able to destroy the Tsar's confidence in him. General Trepoft's last office, that of Commandant of the Palace, is now filled by General Deduline.



THE REV. THOMAS SPURGEON,
Celebrating his Jubilee.



THE LATE MR. P. HUSK,
Victim of Enteric at Fleetwood.

On Sept. 20 Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, son and successor of the famous Charles Spurgeon, celebrated his fiftieth birthday. There were special services in the Tabernacle, and a jubilee fund is being raised for a presentation to Mr. Spurgeon, who will devote the amount subscribed to institutions connected with his congregation. Mr. Spurgeon has been a preacher for more than thirty years.

M. Georges Jacobi, who had served the Alhambra Theatre as musical director for nearly thirty years and was the composer of more than a hundred ballets, died suddenly last week. He came to England nearly

forty years ago, and served the cause of music very faithfully. His work was not limited to the writing of ballet-music, though that, of course, was the style of composition in which he excelled; he composed very many charming vocal numbers.

Mr. W. G. Stevens, the eminent trainer, died at Church Farm, Compton, Berkshire, on Sept. 15. He trained a very large string of racehorses on the Ilsley and Compton Downs, and during some seasons he had as many as seventy thoroughbreds in hand. In 1897 he won the Cambridgeshire for Sir William Ingram with Comfrey. In 1886 he trained Despair for the Royal Hunt Cup.



THE LATE MR. W. G. STEVENS,
Race-Horse Trainer.

Prince Albrecht of Prussia, Regent of Brunswick and nephew of the Emperor William I., who died at his country home in Silesia last week, will be best remembered, outside the Regency, for his patient efforts to make the peace between the present Kaiser and the late Prince Bismarck. He played a small part in the Franco-German War, and his knowledge of tactics and strategy was gratefully acknowledged by the present Kaiser, for whom he frequently acted as umpire in the Grand Manœuvres. A strict Legitimist, he sympathised with the Guelph Party in Brunswick, and accepted the Regency in obedience to the wish of the King. A new Regent will probably be elected from among the non-Sovereign Princes of the reigning Houses of Germany. Among the possible candidates are Prince Adolf of Schaumburg-Lippe, the Hereditary Prince of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, and Prince Eitel Fritz of



THE LATE GENERAL TREPOFF,
Former Military Dictator of St. Petersburg.

Prussia. The Guelph Party in Brunswick has issued a proclamation calling for the immediate installation of the eldest son of the Duke of Cumberland.

Queen Natalie of Servia has paid a visit to this country, and has been staying in Devonshire as the guest of Lord and Lady Clifford of Chudleigh. Her Majesty has also visited Sir Lewis and Lady Beaumont at Plymouth, and has inspected St. Joseph's Convent at Teignmouth and Dartmouth's Royal Naval College. It will be remembered that Queen Natalie is the widow of the late King Milan I., who abdicated in 1889, and mother of the unfortunate Alexander I., who was murdered in the early summer of 1903. Before she married she was a



QUEEN NATALIE OF SERVIA,
Visiting England.

Mlle. Keschko, daughter of a Colonel in the Russian Army, and her married life was a very troubled one.

The new General of the Jesuits is Father Francis Xavier Wernz, who was born at Rottweil in Würtemberg on Dec. 2, 1842. He entered the Society of Jesus in 1857. He is a great authority on canon law, which he studied at Ditton Hall. In 1883 he became Professor in the Gregorian University, of which he has been rector for the last two years. He is an adviser to the Sacred Congregation of the Index.



FATHER FRANCIS XAVIER WERNZ,
New General of the Jesuits.

Rear-Admiral Sir Edward Chichester, Admiral-Superintendent of his Majesty's naval works at Gibraltar, died on Monday in his sixty-seventh year. Sir Edward was the head of an old Devonshire family, and had a distinguished record of service. He was Transport Officer in Natal during the first Boer War, and saw service in the Egyptian War of 1882. In 1895 he was on a China station when the Spanish-American War broke out, and was concerned in settling the trouble that arose when Commandant Dewey fired across the bows of an intrusive German war-ship. It was said at the time that Sir Edward Chichester's tact saved serious trouble between Berlin and Washington. The last South African War found him a transport-officer at Cape Town, where he earned the high praise of Lord Roberts. From 1899 to 1902 he was Naval Aide-de-Camp to the Queen and to the King. He was a Unionist in politics, a very keen sportsman, and an active supporter of the Barnstaple Stagbonds. His son, Lieutenant Edward George Chichester, who succeeds to the title, was born in 1883, and was his father's Flag-Lieutenant at Gibraltar.

The Rev. Sir Borradaile Savory, Bart., passed away last week at Stoke Poges, in his fifty-first year. He



GENERAL DEDULINE, TREPOFT'S
SUCCESSOR.

was the only son of the late Sir William Savory, F.R.S., President of the Royal College of Surgeons, and was educated privately, and at Trinity College, Cambridge. He was nominated in 1887 to the Rectory of St. Bartholomew the Great, West Smithfield, and was thus brought into close connection with the hospital which his father had served so many years with great distinction. In 1890 he was made chaplain of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, and some years later he became chaplain

of the Volunteer Medical Staff Corps. A prominent Mason, he became Grand Chaplain of the English Freemasons in 1901; but he will be best remembered by his work in connection with the Church of St. Bartholomew, where he opened out the north and south transepts, and restored the Lady Chapel and the crypt beneath. He erected school buildings on another site, thus freeing the triforium, which had been used for purposes of education. He also had part of the cloisters rebuilt, and these were consecrated by the Bishop of London a few months ago. He is succeeded in the title by his only child, William Borradaile Savory, who was born in 1882, and rowed last year in the Cambridge boat.



THE LATE REV. SIR BORRADAILE
SAVORY, BART.



PRINCE MIRZA MOHAMMED
ALI KHAN,
New Persian Minister for Foreign Affairs.

The Persian Minister to the Court of St. James's has been appointed to the control of the Foreign Office at Teheran, and the appointment is an excellent one. His Highness Prince Mirza Mohammed Ali Khan Ala-es-Saltaneh has served his country in India, Turkey, and Russia, as well as in this country. Last year he was entrusted with a special mission to the British Court, and promoted for the time being to the rank of Ambassador Extraordinary. He is regarded in well-informed circles as a man of considerable knowledge and liberal views, and as Minister for Foreign Affairs he will be able to apply hard-won experience of a far-reaching kind to a serious crisis in his country's affairs.

Another Fleetwood Victim.

We give this week the portrait of another victim of the outbreak of enteric fever at Fleetwood Camp, Mr. Percy Husk, of The Nook, Wallasey, Cheshire. Mr. Husk was a partner in the firm of Coward and Co., Cleveland Square, Liverpool. He was staying at Fleetwood early in August, and visited the camp of the 3rd Battalion Loyal North Lancashire Regiment. He was in the camp only for thirty-six hours. Mr. Husk, who was thirty-six years of age, married a daughter of Mr. George Girton, of the Bank of England, Liverpool. There is still no word of an official inquiry into the causes of the epidemic.

THE DRURY LANE AUTUMN DRAMA: MR. HALL CAINE'S "BONDMAN."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE DOVER STREET STUDIOS.



1. MRS. FAIRBROTHER (MISS MARIE ILLINGTON).

2. MICHAEL (MR. HENRY AINLEY).

3. MARIA (MISS HENRIETTA WATSON).

4. THE GRANDFATHER (MR. LIONEL BROUGH).

5. THE GREAT SCENE IN THE SULPHUR-MINE. JASON SAVES MICHAEL. (Jason: Mr. Frank Cooper. Michael: Mr. Henry Ainley.)

6. ADAM FAIRBROTHER (MR. HENRY NEVILLE).

7. GOVERNOR TESTA (MR. JOHN INGLETON).

8. MRS. FAIRBROTHER (MISS MARIE ILLINGTON).

9. DR. BONI (MR. OSCAR ADYE).

The play is founded on Mr. Hall Caine's novel of the same name, and the scene is laid partly in the Isle of Man, and partly in Sicily. The great spectacular effect of the piece is an eruption of Etna. During the eruption the scene of dramatic movement is in a Sicilian sulphur-mine, to which the two heroes, Michael and Jason, have been sent as convicts. The two men are really at deadly enmity, but neither knows the other by sight, and in their captivity they have become friends. Thus unwittingly Jason saves the man he has most cause to hate.

THE WORLD'S NEWS: MANY THEMES IN BRIEF.



NAVIGATED THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE:
THE "GJOA."

On September 5 King Haakon received a telegram from Captain Amundsen announcing that he had navigated the North-West Passage and that he had arrived with the "Gjoa" at Nome, Alaska. King Haakon telegraphed his congratulations, and agreed that the stretch of coast charted by the expedition should bear his name and Queen Maud's.



Col. Oughterson.

ENEMIES RECONCILED: RUSSIAN AND JAPANESE ATTACHÉS
AT THE ALDERSHOT MANOEUVRES.

The photograph was taken as the Russian and Japanese attachés were going with Colonel Oughterson to inspect the Army Service Corps. The Army Service Corps has had its supply camp just outside Chichester. The field bakery supplied bread for twenty thousand, and the butchers of the corps provided meat for the entire force from the same base. The Army Service Corps is one of the most efficient of our military organisations. All the men are skilled workmen, who know their business thoroughly, and are remarkably keen.



AN INSUBMERSIBLE SUIT: M. FOCKETYN'S
DISCOVERY.

M. Jack Focketyn, of Antwerp, has invented an unsinkable suit which would save sailors in case of sudden accidents. The apparatus, which can be fixed in a few seconds to the body, is like a pillow. It has compartments for drinking-water, beer, a rope, a knife, and an incandescent light. It weighs about 2 lb. and its buoyancy is about 300 lb.



A DISTINGUISHED SAILOR:
THE LATE REAR-ADMIRAL
CHICHESTER.

Rear-Admiral Chichester, whose obituary will be found on another page, averted misunderstanding between Germany and the United States on the outbreak of the war with Spain.



NAVIGATOR OF THE NORTH-
WEST PASSAGE: CAPTAIN
AMUNDSEN.

Captain Amundsen is the commander of the "Gjoa." He has just been complimented by King Haakon on his successful navigation of the North-West Passage.



A MONUMENT TO A VIVISECTED DOG.

The fountain has been erected at Battersea, and the Anti-Vivisection Society has agreed to indemnify the Battersea Corporation to the extent of £300 for any possible libel action arising out of the inscription, which tells how and where the dog died. Electric bells protect the monument against hostile attack.



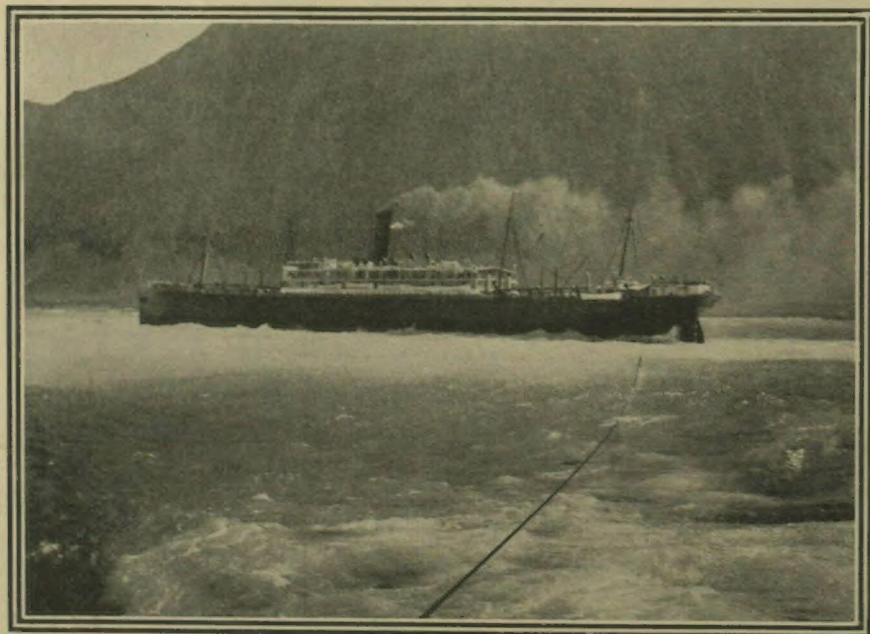
AN EMINENT COMPOSER OF
BALLET: THE LATE MR. GEORGES
JACOBI.

Mr. Jacobi was for many years conductor at the Alhambra, for which he composed many ballets. We publish his obituary on another page.



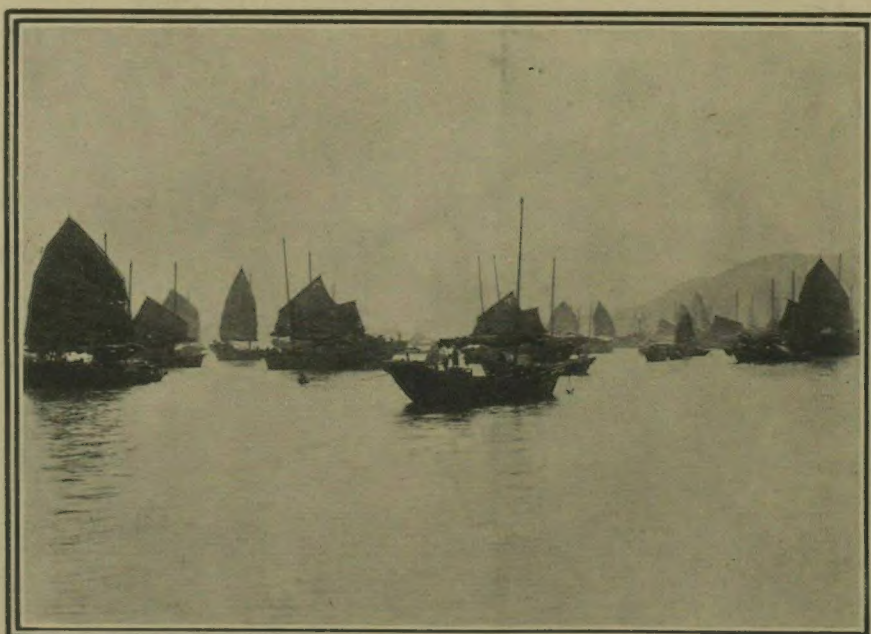
THE LATE REGENT OF BRUNSWICK:
PRINCE ALBRECHT OF
PRUSSIA.

Prince Albrecht died at Kamentz on September 13. He was the only son of the youngest brother of the Emperor William I. He was born in 1837.



SAVED FROM A REEF: THE "MANCHURIA" AS SHE LAY AGROUND
OFF HAWAII.

The Pacific mail-steamer "Manchuria" went ashore on the Hawaiian coast towards the end of August. All her passengers were safely landed. The officers remained on board, and on September 16 the vessel was refloated. Her value is £380,000, and her salvage cost £200,000. On September 17 her sister-ship, the "Mongolia," ran ashore on Midway Island. The "Manchuria" and the "Mongolia" are the two largest ships in the Pacific trade.



TYPHOON PRECAUTIONS AT HONG-KONG: JUNKS TAKING REFUGE
IN THE TYPHOON HARBOUR.

On September 18, a tremendous typhoon sank, wrecked, or damaged twenty-eight ships, of which four belonged to the British Channel China Squadron, and two to the French Fleet in the Far East. At Hong-kong they have a typhoon harbour, to which junks and small craft run for shelter when the typhoon signal is hoisted. The junks in the photograph had run to shelter on a false alarm. They are drying their sails after rain.

THE MOST AUDACIOUS WOMAN-SWINDLER AT LIBERTY ONCE MORE.



MADAME HUMBERT RELEASED: LA GRANDE THÉRÈSE LEAVING NOYAL ACIGUE FOR PARIS WITH ALL HER BELONGINGS.

September 13 was a lucky day for Madame Humbert. At noon she was summoned from the workroom of the prison at Rennes, where she was sewing collars, and was taken to the Director's office. There the formalities of release on ticket-of-leave were gone through, and the most audacious of modern swindlers shortly afterwards left Rennes for Paris. In prison Madame Humbert had earned the full number of good-conduct marks. She was terribly worried about her beauty, which she feared prison-life had spoiled. Madame Humbert was, it will be remembered, convicted of obtaining huge sums on the security of the bogus "Crawford Millions," supposed to be contained in a mysterious safe. La Grande Thérèse left for Paris from Noyal Acigue, near Rennes.

THE QUEEN AT COPENHAGEN: A VISIT TO THE RUSSIAN IMPERIAL YACHT.

"Polar Star."



Princess Victoria. Queen.

THE QUEEN AND PRINCESS VICTORIA ON THEIR WAY TO VISIT THE DOWAGER EMPRESS OF RUSSIA ON BOARD THE "POLAR STAR."

This week her Majesty arranged to conclude her visit to Copenhagen, and returned to London en route for Scotland. The family party at Copenhagen included the Dowager Empress of Russia, who had, on account of her health, to remain most of her time on board the Russian Imperial yacht "Polar Star." Queen Alexandra paid frequent visits to her sister.



ILLUSTRATED BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

PROLOGUE.

BESIDE a winding creek of the Lynher River, and not far from the Cornish borough of Saltash, you may find a roofless building so closely backed with cherry-orchards that the trees seem by their slow pressure to be thrusting the mud-walls down to the river's brink, there to topple and fall into the tide. The old trees, though sheeted with white blossom in the spring, bear little fruit, and that of so poor a flavour as to be scarcely worth picking: they have, in fact, almost reverted to their original uncultivated strain, even as the cottage itself is crumbling back to the earth out of which it was built. On the slope above the cherry-orchards, if you moor your boat at the tumble-down quay and climb by half-obliterated pathways, you will come to a hedge of brambles, and a broken gate with a well beside it; and beyond the gate to an orchard of apple-trees, planted in times when, regularly as Christmas Eve came round, Aunt Barbree Furnace, with her maid Susannah and the boy Nandy, would mount by this same path with a bowl of cider, and anoint the stems one by one, reciting—

Here's to thee, good apple-tree—
Pockets full, hats full, great bushel-bags full!
Amen, an' vire off the gun!

—whereupon Nandy, always after a caution to be extricateful, would shut his eyes, pull the trigger of his blunderbuss, and wake all the echoes of the creek in an uproar which, as Susannah never failed to remark, was fit to frighten every war-ship down in Hamoaze. The trees, grey with lichen, sprawl as they have fallen under the weight of past crops. They go on blossoming, year after year: even those that lie almost horizontally remember their due season and burst into blowth, pouring (as it were) in rosy-white cascades down the slope and through the rank grasses. But, as often as not, the tenant neglects to gather the fruit. Nor it is worth his while to grub up the old roots: for you cannot plant a new orchard where an old one has decayed. One of these days (he tells me) he means to do something with the wisht old place: meanwhile I doubt if he sets foot in it once a year.

For me, I find it worth visiting at least twice a year: in spring when the Poet's Narcissus flowers in great clumps under the north hedge and the columbines, pink, blue, and blood-red, grow to the height of a man's hip; and again in autumn, for the sake of an apple which we call the gillyflower—small and shy, but of incomparable flavour—and for a gentle melancholy which haunts the spot like—yes, like a human face, and with faint companionable smiles and dead-and-gone laughter.

The tenant was right: it was a wisht old place, and the more wisht because it lies so near to a world that has forgotten it. Above, if you row past the bend of the creek, you will come upon trim villas with well-kept gardens, outposts of the well-to-do citizens of Saltash: below and beyond the entrance to the creek, you look down a broad river to the Hamoaze, crowded with torpedo-boats, powder-hulks, training-ships, and great vessels of war. Around and behind Merry-garden—for that is its name—stretches a parish given up to the cultivation of fruit and flowers; and across the creek another parish "clothed"—I quote the local historian—"in flowers like a bride"; and both parishes learned their prosperity from Merry-garden, now deserted. In mazzard time ("mazzards" are sweet black cherries) the sound of young laughter floats across Merry-garden, but the girls and boys themselves seldom wander that way. No longer to its quay come boats with holiday-parties from the Fleet and the Garrison at Plymouth, as they came by scores a hundred years ago.

In those days Merry-garden was a cherry-garden. It was faced with a verandah of which, if you study the plaster adhering to its cob-built front, you may yet discover traces. In its wide stone chimney-place where now, standing knee-deep in nettles, you may look up and see blue sky beyond the starlings' nests, as many as twenty milk-pans have stood together over the fire, that the visitors might have clotted cream to eat with their strawberries and raspberries. In the orchards, from under masses of traveller's-joy, you may pull away rotten pieces of timber that once made arbours and summer-houses.

The present tenant is an old man, who tends a fruit-farm at the back of the hill. He does not march with the times, but manages (as he puts it) to keep going. He will sub-let you the whole of Merry-garden, if you wish, for two pounds ten shillings per annum. He wears corduroy trousers and a sleeved moleskin waistcoat, and has a sense of humour, an amazing memory, and about as much sentiment as my boot. It was he who, catching me at trespass, fell into talk and told me a story which peopled the place with ghosts: and, with your leave, I will repeat it in his words.

I.

Aunt Barbree Furnace was a widow woman, and held Merry-garden upon a tenancy of a kind you don't often

come across nowadays—and good riddance to it!—though common enough when I was a boy. The whole lease was but for three pounds a year for the term of three lives—her husband, William John Furnace; her husband's younger sister Tryphena, that had married a man called Jewell and buried him within six months; and Tryphena's only child Ferdinando, otherwise known as Nandy. When the lease was drawn—which would be somewhere about the year 'ninety—all three lives seemed good enough for another fifty years. The Furnaces came of a long-lived stock, and William John with any ordinary care might hope to reach eighty. His sister had been specially put into the lease on the strength of her constitution; and six months of married life had given her a distaste for it, which made things all the safer. As for Nandy, there's a risk, of course, with very young lives, specially with boys: but if he did happen to pull through, 'tis like as not he might lengthen out the lease for another thirty years.

At any rate Mr. and Mrs. Furnace took the risk with a cheerful mind. The woman came from Saltash, where she and her mother had driven a thriving trade in cockles and other shell-fish, particularly with the Royal Marines; and being a woman of a busy spirit, as time went on and brought her no children to fill up her days, she hit on the notion of turning her old business to account. Her husband, William John, had tilled Merry-garden and stocked it with fruits and sallets with no eye but to the sale of them in Saltash market. But the house was handy for pleasure-takers by water, and by-and-by the board she put up—*Mrs. Barbree Furnace. Cockles and Cream in Season. Water Boiled and Tea if You Wish*—attracted the picnickers by scores; and the picnickers began to ask for fruit with their teas, till William John, at his wife's advice, planted half-an-acre of strawberries, and laid out another half-acre in currant and raspberry bushes. By this time, too, the cherry-trees were beginning to yield. So by little and little, feeling sure of their lease, they extended the business. William John, one winter, put up a brand-new chimney and bought three cows, which he pastured up along in the meadow behind the woods here—the same that I've sub-let these two years to the new Company, for planting its Emperor and Sir Watkin daffodils—and next spring the pair hung out a fresh board and painted on it—*Furnace's Merry-garden Tea-House. Patronised by the Naval and Military. Teas, with Fruit and Cream, Sixpence per head*: and another board which they hoisted in the mazzard-season, saying: *Sixpence at the Gate, and eat so Much as you Mind to. All are Welcome*. With all this, Aunt Barbree (as she came to be called) didn't neglect the cockles, which were her native trade. In busy times she could afford to hire over one of the Saltash fishwomen—the Johnses or the Glanvilles; you'll have heard of them, may be?—to lend her a hand: but in anything like a slack season she'd be down at low water, with her petticoat trussed over her knees, raking cockles with her own hands. Yes, yes, a powerful, a remarkable woman! and a pity it was (I've heard my mother say) to see such a healthy strong couple prospering in all they touched, and hauling in money hand-over-fist, with neither chick nor child to leave it to.

Prosper they did, at any rate; and terrible popular the place became with the Fleet and the Army, till by the year eighteen-nought-five—the same in which Admiral Nelson fought the Battle of Trafalgar—there wasn't an officer, in either service, that had ever found himself at Plymouth, but could tell something of Merry-garden and its teas, with their cockles and cream and strawberries in June and mazzards in July month. By this time the Furnaces had built a new landing-quay—the same to which your boat is moored at this moment—and rigged up arbours and come-sit-by-me's in every corner of the garden and under every plum-tree and laylock-bush: for William John was extending his season by degrees, and had gone so far as to set up a board in may-time by Admiral's Hard, down at Devonport, and on it "*Officers of the United Services will kindly take Notice that the Laylocks in Merry-garden are in Bloom. Cockles Warranted, and Cream from best Channel Island Cows. Patronised also by the Nobility and Gentry of Plymouth, Plymouth Dock, Saltash, and East Cornwall.*"

You may wonder that the Furnaces' success didn't encourage others to set up in opposition? But a cherry-garden isn't grown in a day. Mrs. Furnace had dropped into it (so to speak) when the trees that William John had planted were already on the way to yield good profit. . . . Also she was a woman who knew how to keep a pleasure-garden decent, however near it might lie to a great town and a naval port. Simple woman though she seemed, she understood scandal.

But in the midst of life we are in death. One day, at the height of his prosperity, William John drove over to Menheniot Churchtown (where his sister Tryphena resided with her boy Nandy and kept a general shop) to fetch

them over to Merry-garden for a visit. Aunt Barbree loved children, you understand: besides which, Tryphena's husband had left her poor, and 'twas the first week in August after a good season, and the mazzards wanted eating if they weren't to perish for want of it. . . . So William John, who by this time was rich enough to set up a tax-cart, but inexperienced to manage it, drove over to Menheniot and fetched his sister and the boy: and on the way home the horse bolted and scattered the lot, with the result that William John was flung against a milestone and sister Tryphena across a hedge. The pair succumbed to their injuries: but the boy Nandy (aged fourteen) was picked up with no worse than a stunning and a bump at the back of his head which hardened so that he was ever afterwards able to crack nuts with it, and even Brazil nuts, by hammering with his skull against a door or any other suitable object. Of course, when they picked him up, he hadn't a notion he possessed any such gift.

Well here, as you might say, was a pretty kettle of fish for Aunt Barbree. Here not only was a loving husband killed, and a sister-in-law, but at one stroke two out of the three healthy lives on which the whole lease of Merry-garden depended. She mourned William John for his own sake, because, as husbands go, she had reason to regret him; and Tryphena Jewell, for a poor relation, had never been pushing. Tryphena's fault rather had been that she gave herself airs. Having no money to speak of, she stood up against Aunt Barbree's riches by flaunting herself as a mother: "though," as Aunt Barbree would complain to her husband, "I can't see what she finds uncommon in the child, unless 'tis the number of his pimples: and I've a mind, the next time, to recommend Wessel's Antiscorbutic Drops. The boy looks unhealthy: and, come to think of it, with his life in the lease, 'tis only due to ourselves to advise the woman." She only said this to ease her feelings: but the truth was (and William John knew it) she yearned for a child of her own, even to the extent sometimes of wanting to adopt one.

Well, this terrible accident not only widowed the poor soul, but brought all her little jealousies, as you might say, home to roost. She couldn't abide Nandy, and Nandy had reached an age when boys aren't at their best. But adopt him she had to; and, what tried her worse, to look after his health with more than a mother's care, for, outside of a stockyful of guineas, all her capital was sunk in Merry-garden, and all Merry-garden hung now on the boy's life.

The worst trial of all was that, somehow or other, Nandy got to know his value and the reason of it, and from that day he gave Aunt Barbree no peace. He wouldn't go to school: study gave him a headache. His mother had taught him to read and write, but under Aunt Barbree's roof he learned no more than he was minded to, and among the things he taught himself was a tolerable imitation of a hacking cough. With this and the help of a hollow tooth he could spit blood whenever he wanted sixpence or a shilling. He played this game for about six months, until the poor woman—who was losing flesh with lying awake at night and wondering what would happen to her when cast out in the cold world—fixed up her courage to know the worst and carried him off to a Plymouth doctor. The doctor advised her to take the boy home and give him the strap.

Aunt Barbree applied this treatment at intervals for the next two or three months, but dropped it in the end. The boy was growing too tall for it. The visit to the doctor, however, worked like a miracle in one way.

"Auntie," said the penitent one day, "I'm feeling a different boy altogether, this last week or two."

"I reckoned you would," said Aunt Barbree.

"My appetite's improving. Have you noticed my appetite?"

"Heaven is my witness!" said Aunt Barbree. The cherry season was beginning. She had consulted with a friend of hers in Saltash, the wife of a confectioner. It seems that apprentices in the confectionery trade are allowed to eat pastry and lollipops without let or hindrance, until they take a surfeit and are cured for ever after. Aunt Barbree was beginning to wonder why the cure worked so slow in the case of fresh fruit. "Heaven is my witness, I have," said Aunt Barbree.

"There's a complete change coming over my constitution," said Nandy, pensive-like. "I feel it hardening every day: and as for my skull, why—talk about Brazil nuts—I believe I could crack cherry-stones with it."

"I beg you won't try," pleaded Aunt Barbree, for this trick of Nandy's always gave her the shivers.

"A head like mine was meant for something worthier than civil life. I've been turnin' it over—"

"Turnin' what over?"

"Things in general," said Nandy; "and the upshot is, I've a great mind to 'list for a sojer."

"The good Lord forbid!" cried Aunt Barbree. "The Frenchies might shoot me, to be sure," Nandy allowed. "That's one way of looking at it. But King George would take the risk o' that, and give me a shilling down for it."

"O Nandy, Nandy—here's a shillin' for 'ee, if that's what you want! But be a good boy, and don't talk so irreligious!"

Well, Sir, the lad knew he had the whip-hand of the poor woman, and the taller he grew the more the lazy good-for-nothing used it. Enlistment was his trump card, and he went to the length of buying a drill-book and practising the motions in odd corners of the garden, but always so that his Aunt should catch him at it. If she was slow in catching him, the young villain would draw attention by calling out words from the manual in a hollow voice, mixed up with desperate ones of his own composing—"At the word of command the rear rank steps back one pace, the whole facing to the left, the left files then taking a side step to the left and a pace to the rear. Ready, p'sent! Ha, what do I see afore me? Is't the hated foeman!"—and so on, and so on. Aunt Barbree, with tears in her eyes, would purse out sums varying from sixpence to half-a-crown, coaxing him to dismiss such murderous thoughts from his mind; and thereupon he'd take another turn and mope, saying that it ill became a lad of his inches, let alone his tremendous spirit, to idle out his days while others were dying for their country; to oblige his Aunt he would stand it as long as he could; but nobody need be surprised if he ended by drowning himself. And this frightened Aunt Barbree almost worse than did his talk of enlisting, and drove her one day, when Nandy had just turned seventeen, to take a walk up the valley to consult Doctor Clatworthy.

II.

Doctor Clatworthy was a man in many respects uncommon. To begin with, he had plenty of money; and next, he was as full of crazes as of learning. One of these crazes was astronomy, and another was mud-baths, and another was open windows and long walks in the open air, and another was the treatment of skin-diseases and nervous disorders; and another was the Lost Tribes, and another was Woman's Education; with the Second Advent and Vegetable Diet to fill up the spaces between. Some of these he had picked up at Oxford, and others in his travels abroad, especially in Moravia; but the sum-total was that you'd call him a crank. Coming by chance into Cornwall, he had taken an uncommon fancy to our climate and its "humidity"—that was the word. There was nothing like it (he said) for the skin—leastways, if taken along with mud-baths. He had bought half-a-dozen acres of land at the head of the creek, a mile above Merry-garden, and built a whacking great house upon it, full of bath-rooms and adorned upon the outside with statues in baked earth to represent the various heathen gods, including Trigonometry and the Use of Globes. He had given the contract to an upcountry builder and brought the material (which was mainly brick and Bath-stone) from the Lord knows where: but it was delivered up the creek by barges. There were days, in the year before William John's death, when these barges used to sail up past Merry-garden at high springs in procession without end. But now the house had been standing furnished for three good years, with fruit-gardens planted on the slopes below it, and basins full of gold-fish; and there Doctor Clatworthy lived with half-a-score of male patients as mad as himself. For, though rich, he didn't spend his money in enjoyment only, but charged his guests six guineas a week, while he taught 'em the secret of perfect health.

Well, you may laugh at the man, but I've heard my mother (who remembers him) say that, with all his faults, he had the complexion of a baby. She would describe him as an unmarried man, of the age of fifty—he had a prejudice against marrying under fifty—dressed in nankeen for all weathers, with no other protection than a whalebone umbrella, and likewise remarkable for a fine Roman nose. 'Twas this Clatworthy, by the way, that a discharged gardener advised to go down to Merry-garden and make a second fortune by picking cherries, "for," said he, "having such a nose as yours you can hook on to a bough with it and pick with both hands." I don't myself believe that he came to visit Merry-garden on any such recommendation; but visit it he did, and often while his own trees were growing; and there his noble deportment and his lordly way with money made an impression on Aunt Barbree, who had already heard talk of his capabilities.

So—as I was saying—one day, being near upon driven to her wits' end, Aunt Barbree marched the boy up to Hijeon Villa (as the new great house was called) and begged for Doctor Clatworthy's advice, "for I do believe," she wound up, "the boy is sinking into a very low state of despondency."

"And so should I be despondent," said the Doctor, eyeing Nandy, "if I had that number of pimples and didn't know a sure way to cure them."

"Fresh fruit don't seem to do no good," said Aunt Barbree, "though I've heard it confidently recommended."

The Doctor made Nandy take off his shirt. "Why," said he, enthusiastic-like, "the boy's a perfect treasure!"

"You think so?" said Aunt Barbree, a bit dubious, not quite catching his drift.

"A case, Ma'am, like this wouldn't yield to fresh fruit, not in ten years. It's throwing away your time. Mud is the cure, Ma'am—mud-bathing and constant doses of sulphur-water, varied with a plenty of exercise to open the pores of the skin."

"Sulphur-water?" Aunt Barbree had used it now and then upon her fruit-trees, to keep away mildew. She doubted Nandy's taking kindly to it. "He's easier led, Sir, than driven," she said.

"My good woman," said the Doctor, "you leave him to me. I'll take up this case for nothing but the honour and glory of it. He shall board and lodge here

and live like a fighting-cock, and not a penny-piece to pay. As for curing him—if it'll give you any confidence, look at my complexion, Ma'am. What d'ye think of it?"

"Handsome, sure 'nough," said Aunt Barbree.

"Satin, Ma'am—complete satin!" said the Doctor.

"And I'm like that all over."

"Well to be sure, if Nandy don't object—" said Aunt Barbree, hurried-like.

Nandy thought that to live for a while in a fine house and be fed like a fighting-cock would be a pleasant change; and so the bargain was struck.

Poor lad, he repented it before the first week was out. He couldn't abide the mud-baths, which he took in the garden, planted up to the chin in a ring with a dozen old gentlemen, stuck out there like cabbages, and with Clatworthy planted in the middle and haranguing by the hour, sometimes on politics and Napoleon Bonaparte, sometimes on education, but oftenest on his system and the good they ought to be deriving from it. Moreover, though they fed him well enough, according to promise, the sulphur-water acted on his stomach in a way that prevented any lasting satisfaction with his vittles. In short, before the week was out he wanted to run away home; and only one thing hindered him—that he'd fallen in love.

This was the way it happened. Doctor Clatworthy, having notions of his own upon matrimony and money to carry them out, had picked out a pretty child and adopted her and set her to school with a Miss St. Maur of Saltash, to be trained up in his principles, till of an age to make him "a perfect helpmeet," as he called it.

The poor child—she was called Jessica Venning to begin with, but the Doctor had re-christened her Sophia—was grown by this time into a young lady of seventeen, pretty and graceful. She could play upon the harp and paint in water-colours, and her needlework was a picture, but not half so pretty a picture as her face. She came from Devonshire, from the edge of the moors behind Newton Abbot, where the folks have complexions all cream-and-roses. She'd a figure like a wand for grace, and an eye half-melting, half-roguish. People might call Clatworthy a crank, or whatever word answered to it in those days: but he had made no mistake in choosing the material to make him a bride—or only this, that the poor girl couldn't bear the look or the thought of him. Well, the time was drawing on when Clatworthy, according to his plans, was to marry her, and to prepare her for it he had taken to writing her a letter every day, full of duty and mental improvement. Part of Nandy's business was to walk over with these letters to Saltash. The Doctor explained to him that it would open the pores of his skin, and he must wait for an answer. And so it came about that Nandy saw Miss Sophia, and fell over head and ears in love with her.

But towards the end of the second week he felt that he could stand life at Hijeon Villa no longer—no, not even for the sake of seeing Miss Sophia daily.

"It's no use, Miss," he told her very dolefully, as he delivered Friday's letter; "I've a-got to run for it, and I'm going to run for it to-morrow." He heaved a great sigh.

"But how foolish of you, Nandy," said Miss Sophia, glancing up from the letter, "when you know it's doing you so much good!"

"Good!" said Nandy, savage-like. "How would you like it? There now—I'm sorry, Miss Sophia. I forgot—and now I've made you cry!"

"I—I sh—shan't like it at all," quavered Miss Sophia, blinking away her tears. "And—and it's not at all the same thing."

"No," agreed Nandy; "no, o' course not: you ain't got no pimples. Oh, Miss Sophia," he went on, speaking very earnest, "would you really like me better if I weren't so speckity?"

"Ever so much better, Nandy. You can't think what an improvement it would be."

"'Tis only skin-deep," said Nandy. "At the bottom of my heart, Miss, I'd die for you. . . . But I can't stand it no longer. To-morrow I've made up my mind to run home to Merry-garden: and there, if it gives you any pleasure, I can go on taking mud-baths on my own account."

"Merry-garden?" said Miss Sophia. "Why, that's where Doctor Clatworthy wants us to take tea with him to-morrow! He writes that he is inviting Miss St. Maur to bring all the girls in the top class, and he will meet us there. . . . See, here's the letter enclosed."

"That settles it," said Nandy.

He walked home that afternoon with two letters—a hypocritical little note from Sophia, a high-polite one from Miss St. Maur. Miss St. Maur accepted on behalf of her senior young ladies Dr. Clatworthy's truly delightful invitation to take tea with him on the morrow. She herself—she regretted to say—would be detained until late in the afternoon by some troublesome tradesmen who were fixing new window-sashes in the school-room. She could not trust them to do the work correctly except under her supervision, and to defer it would entail a week's delay, the school-room being vacant only on Saturday afternoons. The young ladies should arrive, however, punctually at 3.30 p.m., in charge of Miss de la Porcheraie, her excellent French instructress: she herself would follow at 5 o'clock or thereabouts, and meanwhile she would leave her charges, in perfect confidence, to Doctor Clatworthy's polished hospitality. . . . Those were the words. My mother—who was fond of telling the story—had 'em by heart.

III.

Nandy kept his word.

Breakfast next morning was no sooner over than he made a bolt across the pleasure-grounds, crept through the hedge at the bottom, and went singing down the woods towards Merry-garden, with his heart half-lovesick and half-gleeful, and with two thick sandwiches of bread-and-butter in his pocket to provide against accidents. But he didn't feel altogether easy at the thought of

facing Aunt Barbree: and by-and-by, drawing near to the house and catching sight of his Aunt's sun-bonnet up among the raspberry-canies, he decided (as they say) to play for safety. So, creeping down to the front door, he slipped under it a letter which he had spent a solid hour last night in composing; and made his way to the fore-shore, to loaf and smoke a pipe of stolen tobacco and, generally speaking, make the most of his holiday. The note said—

DEAR AUNT.—Do not weep for me. The sulfer-water made me sick and I could stand it No Longer. So am gone for a Soger. Letters and remittances will doubtless find me if adrest to the Citadel, Plymouth. A loving hart is what I hunger for—Your affect. newew,
FERDINANDO JEWELL.

P.S.—On 2nd thoughts I may be abel to come back this evening to say fairwel for ever.

P.S.—Don't sit up.

Now a boy may be a lazy good-for-nothing, and yet (if you'll understand me) be missed from a garden where there are ladders to fix and mazzard cherries to pick; and likewise, though liable to be grumbled at, a boy has his uses in the gathering of cockles. Though she knew him to be an anointed young humbug, there's no denying that Aunt Barbree had missed Nandy and his help. She was getting past fifty, and somehow the last ten days had reminded her of it . . . and the long and short of it was that, after a couple of hours fruit-picking—and it took her no less to get together the supply she'd reckoned on for her afternoon customers—she entered the house with a feeling of stiffness in her back and a feeling that answered to it elsewhere, that maybe Nandy was a better boy than she'd given him credit for. Upon top of this feeling she pushed open the door and spied his letter lying on the mat.

The reading of it turned her hot and cold. She marched straight to the dairy, where Susannah was busy with the cream-pans, and says she, loosening her bonnet-strings as she dropped upon a bench, "He was but an orphan, after all, Susannah: and now we've driven en to desperation!"

"Who's been driven to desperation?" asked Susannah.

"Why, Nandy," answered Aunt Barbree, tears brimming her eyes. "Who elst?"

"Piggywig's tail!" said Susannah. "What new yarn has the cheeld been tellin'?"

"He's my own nephew, and a Furnace upon his mother's side," said Aunt Barbree; "and I'll trouble you to speak more respectful of your employer's kin. And he hasn't been tellin' it; he've *written* it, here in pen and ink. He've cut and run to take the King's shilling and be a sojer: and if I can't overtake him before he gets to Plymouth Citadel the deed will be done, and the Frenchies will knock him upon the head and I shall be without a roof to cover me. Get me my shawl and bonnet."

"You baint goin' to tell me," said Susannah, "that you act'll mean to take and trapse to Plymouth in all this heat?"

"I do," said Aunt Barbree. "Get me my shawl and bonnet."

"What, on a Saturday afternoon! And me left single-handed to tend the customers!"

"Drat the customers!" said Aunt Barbree. "And drat everything, includin' the boy, if you like! But fetch to Plymouth I must and will: so, for the third time of askin', get me my shawl and bonnet."

It cost a mort of coaxing even to persuade her to a bite of dinner before setting forth. By half-past-noon she was dressed and ready, and took the road toward Saltash Ferry. Nandy didn't see her start. He was lying stretched, just then, under the cliff by the foreshore, getting rid of the effects of his pipe of tobacco.

It left him so exhausted that, when the worst was over, he rolled on his stomach on the warm stones of the foreshore and fell into a doze; by consequence of which he knew nothing more till the tide crept up and wetted his ankles; and with that he heard voices—uproarious voices on the water—and sat up to see a boatload of people pass by him and draw to the landing-stage under Merry-garden.

Nandy rubbed his eyes, studied the visitors—that is, as well as he could at fifty yards' distance—and chuckled. He knew that his Aunt was a respectable woman, and particular about the folks she admitted to her gardens. But it was too late to interfere—even if he'd wanted to interfere, which he didn't. So he watched the visitors draw to land and disembark; and sat and waited, still chuckling.

IV.

Susannah, having fitted forth Aunt Barbree and watched her from the gate as she took the road to Saltash, had returned to the house in no pleasant temper. She was a good servant and would stand any amount of ordering about, but she hated responsibility. To be left alone on a Saturday afternoon in the height of the mazzard season to cope with Heaven-knew-how-many-customers—to lay the tables in the arbours, boil the water, take orders and, worst of all, give change (Susannah had never learnt arithmetic)—was a prospect that fairly daunted her spirit. Her temper, too, for a week past had not been at its best. She, like her mistress, had missed Nandy. In spite of his faults he was a help: and, as for faults, who in this wicked world is without 'em? It's by means of their faults that you grow accustomed to folk.

The early afternoon was hot and sultry, and the hum of the bees (Aunt Barbree was famous for her honey) came lazy-like through the open window. Susannah prayed to the Lord that this quiet might last—until four o'clock, at any rate. Short of an earthquake in Plymouth (which, being pious, she didn't dare to pray for) nothing would ward off visitors beyond that hour. But, with luck, Aunt Barbree might be expected back soon after five, when the giving of change would begin. Susannah looked at the clock. The time was close upon half-past-two. She might, with any luck, count on another hour.

But it wasn't to be.

(To be concluded.)

A ROYAL VISITOR TO ENGLAND: THE PRINCESS OF ROUMANIA.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MANDY.



H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF ROUMANIA AND HER DAUGHTER, PRINCESS MARIE.

The Princess of Roumania, wife of Prince Ferdinand, is the daughter of the Dowager-Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha (Duchess of Edinburgh). She has four children, of whom Princess Marie, now aged six, is the third.

REAL WILD BEASTS AT LARGE IN A SHAM JUNGLE: A WONDERFUL "ZOO" IN HAMBURG.



THE LION-RUN AT HAGENBECK'S ZOOLOGICAL PARK.



TIGERS GROWLING AT THE PHOTOGRAPHER THIRTY FEET AWAY.



THE LION-RUN, SEPARATED FROM THE SPECTATORS BY A DEEP DITCH
BEYOND THE TROPICAL GARDEN.



A LION'S DEN IN A SHAM AFRICAN LANDSCAPE. PHOTOGRAPHED
THROUGH AN APERTURE IN THE ROCKS.



A SCENE IN THE PLANTS AND LAKES SECTION
OF THE ZOOLOGICAL PARK.

Hagenbeck's Zoological Park covers thirty-six acres of ground, and is as big as the Zoological Gardens in London. Most of the animals are kept in the open air. Lions, tigers, bears, and other wild beasts roam about in a realistically contrived jungle and forest. The public safety is assured by iron bars, wire netting, and a deep ravine; but these are so cunningly concealed that the visitors seem to walk about amidst the animals. A lion-house has just been finished. On three sides of a space measuring sixty feet by forty-five feet rises imitation rockwork. A broad ditch fifty feet deep, screened by a strip of tropical garden, divides the beasts from the spectators. Into this ravine the other day fell a young lioness, and failing to find its way out it became infuriated. Herr Hagenbeck made his appearance with a ladder, descended into the ravine, and, disregarding the other animals, coaxed the angry beast back to the jungle amid the cheers of the spectators.

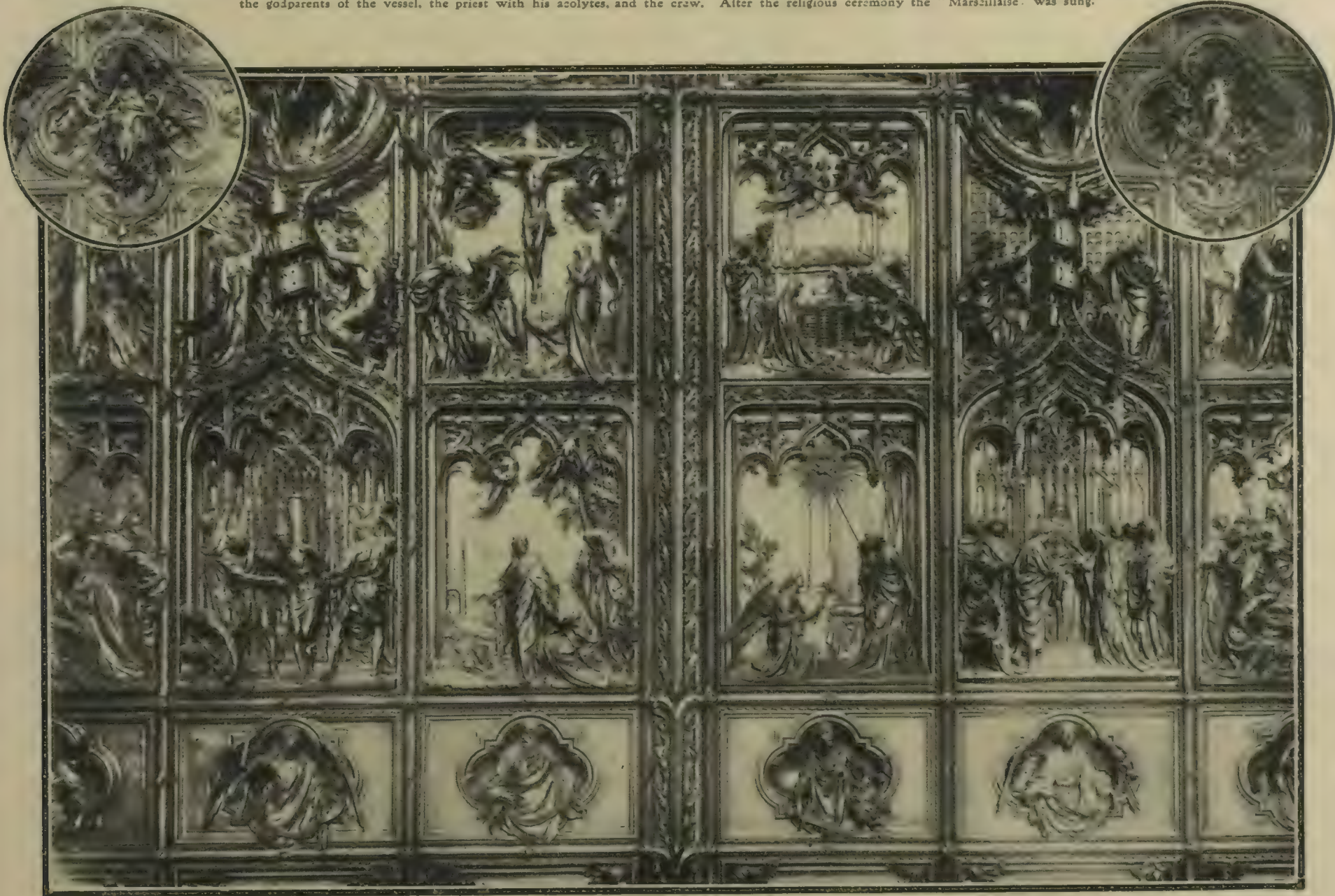
PHOTOGRAPHS BY SCHAUL AND BY UMLAUFF, SUPPLIED BY SHEPSTONE.

WORKS OF MERCY AND PIETY IN FRANCE AND ITALY.



THE BENEDICTION OF A STEEL LIFE-BOAT AT QUIBÉRON.

The new life-boat, the gift of two Parisians, Madame Fustier and M. Copin, is built entirely of steel, and has the most perfect lines. It replaces the old boat "Alexure," launched in 1870. The new craft is called the "Georges et Marie Copin," and was christened with the usual ceremony by the Abbé Le Corie, curé of Quiberon. On board are Madame Fustier and M. Copin, the godparents of the vessel, the priest with his acolytes, and the crew. After the religious ceremony the "Marseillaise" was sung.



A NEW MAGNIFICENCE FOR MILAN CATHEDRAL: THE GREAT BRONZE DOOR.

The magnificent bronze door just erected in Milan Cathedral is the work of Lodovico Pogliaghi, who has spent four years on his task. It was the project of the late artist Brentano, whose idea Pogliaghi has striven to carry out. The door is in two parts, the great central portion and a fine bas-relief over all. On the right are carved the joys and on the left the sorrows of the Virgin, to whom the cathedral is dedicated. Both leaves of the door are divided by a single cross, and in the spaces thus left are eight scenes, one above the other, of the Holy Rosary. Still higher are two others just below the arms of the Cross. In the centre of each is the main group, on one side the Crucifixion, on the other the Resurrection.—[PHOTOGRAPHS BY CRUICK.]

THE MOORISH SLAVE MARKET

AND ITS PIOUS CEREMONIES.



THE AUCTIONEERS PRAYING BEFORE THE MARKET BEGINS.

THE
AUCTION
EER
WITH
A CHILD
FOR SALE



THE AUCTIONEER WALKING ROUND WITH HIS WARES.



A SLAVE BOY (X) SHOWING HIS TEETH TO A PURCHASER IN THE SLAVE MARKET.



THE MOSLEM FEAR OF "SATAN'S BOX": A SLAVE GIRL EVADING THE CAMERA.



A PURCHASER QUESTIONING A FEMALE SLAVE.



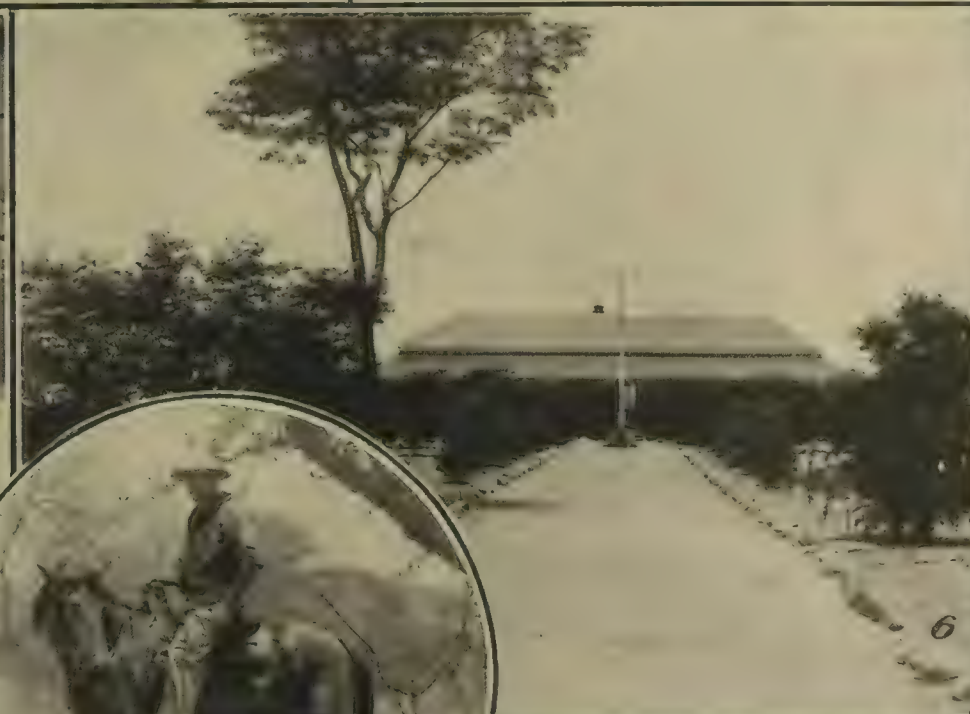
A SLAVE WOMAN WITH HER INFANT ON HER BACK.

People are apt to forget that slavery still flourishes in the troubled kingdom of Morocco. The photographs published here were taken in the Sok el Abeed (or Slave Market) of Marrakesh, and present typical incidents. Women and children are often sold together; the "dilal" (auctioneer) giving a warranty with every slave sold, and the inspection of a slave's teeth serves most purchasers in lieu of a more extended medical examination. The slave-market opens with the prayer of the dilals, who, ranged in a long line, invoke the blessing of Allah upon all who buy and sell. Slaves are seldom ill-treated in Morocco to-day: the closing of the markets of the Soudan, Tripoli, and Timbuctoo has put prices to a height hitherto unknown in the annals of Sunset Land, and a slave is a valuable asset. There are some establishments in Morocco where children are bred and trained for the Sok el Abeed, just as racehorses are raised in this country. The auctioneer walks round taking bids as he goes. The markets of Fez, Meknas, and Marrakesh are always filled during the Sultan's residence there.

A BLACK WILBERFORCE: KING LEWANIKA RELEASES 30,000 SLAVES.

SCENES IN THE LIBERATOR'S

DOMINION: BAROTSELAND.



1. THE FIRST ADMINISTRATIVE BUILDING AT KALOMO, THE CAPITAL OF NORTH-WESTERN RHODESIA.
- 1A. KING LEWANIKA.
2. A CEREMONIAL DANCE IN BAROTSELAND.

3. THE FIRST STEAM-LAUNCH ON THE UPPER ZAMBESI.
4. A BAROTSE DANCE AT LIALUI.
5. KING LEWANIKA'S DINING-ROOM AT LIALUI.
6. THE NEW GOVERNMENT HOUSE AT KALOMO.

7. A NATIVE SENTRY-BOX AT THE POLICE CAMP.
8. MAJOR CORYNDON, THE ADMINISTRATOR, ON HIS WAY TO SEE KING LEWANIKA.
9. KING LEWANIKA'S TAME LIONS.

King Lewanika of Barotseland is one of the most enlightened native rulers of South Africa. The Government is now establishing, at the King's desire, large technical schools at Lialui. He has freed every slave in his dominions, to the number of about 30,000. The country is rich in copper, lead, and coal. Gold is found, but at present there is no capital to mine it. The country is administered by the British South Africa Company, under the Barotseland, North-Western Rhodesia, Order-in-Council, 1899. Lewanika is anxious that the hut tax shall be paid by himself and all his headmen throughout the Barotse valley, and he has compiled a census as a basis of the collection of the tax.

THE KING'S HEADQUARTERS ON SPEY SIDE: TULCHAN LODGE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TORRY.



1. TULCHAN LODGE.

2. VIEW FROM THE FRONT DOOR LOOKING DOWN THE SPEY.

3. THE DINING-ROOM.

4. THE BILLIARD-ROOM.

5. A GENERAL VIEW OF THE HOUSE.

6. THE DRAWING-ROOM.

Tulchan Lodge, where the King is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Sassoon, was built by the seventh Earl of Seafield, for the accommodation of his shooting tenant. It is a comfortable two-storeyed, ivy-covered house, which has been greatly enlarged and improved by the Countess of Seafield, but is not at all pretentious. The King was last at Tulchan Lodge in the autumn of 1896.

THE RECENT WONDERFUL DISCOVERIES IN CRETE.

DESCRIBED BY D. G. HOGARTH; PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE CRETAN EXPLORATION SOCIETY.

CRETE has made no small noise in the world of recent years, and not so much by its modern developments as by its antiquities. Long the least-known archæologically of all the great Mediterranean islands, it was no sooner opened to research by the establishment of autonomy than it proved a veritable mine of things old and strange. Now that the fact is proved, one sees how suitable the island must have been for the evolution of a high civilisation in early times, with



FAIENCE RELIEF: WILD GOAT AND YOUNG. KNOSSOS (1).

its wide plains, high rain-condensing mountains, and long seaboard, the whole set in a singularly favourable geographical position; but no one had more than a dim suspicion of the truth till Mr. Arthur Evans began to lift the veil. Fortunately, more ancient treasures still lay underground in Crete than in any other Greek land. Ever since the Western World began to concern itself about antiquities, this island has been too stormy a spot for treasure-hunters. Christian and Moslem, and even Christians Latin and Orthodox, have fought above the palaces and the graves of more civilised predecessors



THE LONG GALLERY AND MAGAZINES OF THE PALACE AT KNOSSOS (4).

without being able to spare thought or time to them. Thus the British, Italian, and American scholars, waiting till 1900, had the chance of a century.

They have used it to the full, the British at Knossos near Candia, in the Cave of Psychro, and at Praesos, Palaikastro, and Zakro in Eastern Crete; the Italians at Phaestos and Haghia Triadha in the south centre; and the Americans at Gournia on the Bay of Mirabello. Of most of these explorations and their results, we give some views. Knossos stands first in time and importance.



THE FAMOUS EPIGRAPH, THE LAWS OF GORTYNA. THE STONES OF WHICH UNTIL RECENTLY FORMED A MILL-RACE (7).



SHIELD FOUND IN A CAVE ON IDA (2).

That site had long been in the eye of certain archæologists, and among them Mr. Arthur Evans, and the latter, enforcing his claim at the right moment, obtained the prize. There he has laid open a vast Palace, extending over many acres, built and rebuilt in various ages upon a site whose human remains go back at least as far as the earliest Pharaonic dynasties of the Nile. Its intricate corridors and passage-ways probably suggested the idea of labyrinthine complexity to the later Greeks, and we must associate it with the royal dynasty which



THE GREAT COURT OF THE PALACE OF PHAESTOS (5).

bore the name of Minos. Its latest remains come down to about 1000 B.C.; its earliest ascend three thousand years into an obscurity that we cannot pierce. Our views show the palace ruins as seen from the east across the river (No. 16), with the royal quarters in the foreground on the facing slope, the throne-room in the centre, and the long rows of magazines behind. The upstanding tower is a modern structure designed to afford a bird's-eye view, and an opportunity of taking general photographs of the site. The illustrations show also various individual parts—e.g., the stepped area near the main north-west entrance (25), which probably served as a place where Kings sat in judgment or council, like the stepped dais before an Arab palace at this day; a room with a square central pillar, of which every block bears the sign of the *labrys*, or war-axe, fetish-symbol of the Virgin-Mother goddess whom we now know to have presided over the religion of the primitive



THE THEATRICAL AREA AT PHAESTOS (8).

Ægean lands (27); the great *megaron*, or hall, with its quadruple door, seen from above (12); the council-room, with its bench, frescoed walls, and central throne (22); the throne itself, carved in fine-grained gypsum, with crockets of singularly Gothic style, and once brightly coloured (17); two magazines with their huge oil-jars and underground treasure-cists, receptacles of the tribute to which the still undeciphered clay tablets found by many hundreds on the site no doubt refer (20); the outer corridor into which the magazines open (4); one flight of the grand quadruple staircase which led from the royal halls to the upper levels of the Palace (6);

and, finally, a few out of the hundreds of beautiful and curious objects which came to light in the excavation. These are a statuette of the Great Goddess in native faience, with girdle and tiara of snakes (11, 13); a great jar with papyrus reliefs (15); a group in enamelled terra-cotta, brilliantly tinted, of a wild she-goat and kids, emblematic of the Great Mother, and marvellously true to nature (1); and lastly, part of an *intarsia* sea-piece in faience, showing the flying-fish



MARINE SUBJECTS IN FAIENCE AT KNOSSOS (3).

which the Greek sailors know as swallow-fish, cockles, and nautilus-shells (3).

Among the other British excavations, that at Zakro, a little bay on the south-east of the island, whence the Greek sponge-boats run across to the Cyrenaic fishing-grounds, is represented in our view only by a beautiful vase with marine design (21), the first, and in some ways the finest, of its type found. It belongs to about 1500 B.C. The other specimen of the class reproduced (19) was found at the neighbouring site of Palaikastro, where once stood a "Minoan" town.



PART OF THE QUADRUPLE STAIRCASE AT KNOSSOS (6).

perhaps the chief place of the eastern island. The view (10) shows one of the main streets of this town as excavated by the British School at Athens. The houses are small, and no palace has yet come to light; but in later—i.e., early Greek—times there was a temple here, sacred to the young Zeus, who stood to his Virgin-Mother, Rhea, in the same relation as Attis to Cybele, and Adonis to Astarte. Part of a ritual hymn in his honour has been found engraved on marble (9). More tombs have been opened at Palaikastro

(Continued on Double-page.)



PALAIKASTRO: UPPER PART OF A MARBLE SLAB INSCRIBED WITH A HYMN TO DICTÆAN ZEUS (9).

THE WONDERS OF CRETE: RECENTLY DISCOVERED RELICS OF GREEK CIVILISATION 3000 YEARS AGO.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY THE CRETAN EXPLORATION SOCIETY.



PALAIKASTRO: THE MAIN STREET FROM THE NORTH-WEST (10).



FIGURE OF THE GREAT GODDESS IN PALENCE (11).



THE HALL OF THE DOUBLE AXES (12).

THE GREAT GODDESS.
Front View of Fig. 11 (13).

PHAESTOS (14).



LARGE JARS WITH PAPHYRUS RELIEFS AT KNOSSOS (15).

than on any other early Cretan site, and we show one of these (26), in which the corpse has been buried in a bath-like coffin of painted earthenware.

The Italian Mission, under Professor F. Halbherr, has opened out a great palace crowning a bluff near the ancient Phaestos and commanding the broad plain of Messara. In size and interest it is inferior to the Knossian, but in spectacular effect superior, being more easily seen at once, and, in some respects, better preserved. Moreover, it is set in much finer natural surroundings. Our illustrations show two views of its great central court, on which open the living-rooms (4 and 5); two views of the great stairway to the *megaron*, flanked by a stepped area like



KNOSSOS FROM THE EAST (16).

that at Knossos (28); and the western court and plinth of the palace platform (18). About two miles west of this palace Professor Halbherr hit upon another site of great interest near a little church of the Holy Trinity (Hagia Triadha), here the remains of a princely villa had been partly preserved by the *talus* of a hill, and the rooms still contained objects of extraordinary value. Two steatite cups with scenes sculptured in relief found there rank with the finest "Aegean" art-treasures yet discovered; and a painted sarcophagus, brought to light in a neighbouring cemetery, is a priceless record and monument of the religious beliefs of the early Cretans. The internal frescoes of the villa were also of



THE SO-CALLED THRONE OF MINOS AT KNOSSOS (17).



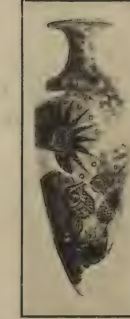
THE ENTRANCE TO THE PALACE OF PHAESTOS (18).



PAINTED FILLER FROM PALAIKASTRO (19).



THE MAGAZINES AT KNOSSOS (20).



PAINTED VASE FROM ZARRO (21).



THE THRONE OF MINOS (22).

GREEK CIVILISATION 3000 YEARS AGO.



THE SMALL PALACE AT HAGHIA TRIADHA (23).

ingular beauty and interest. We show a general view from the north and the interior of a hall lined with slabs of gypsum (23, 24).

The two remaining illustrations belong to later civilisation, that of the archaic classical period. The

revolution, during which these and other precious objects of antiquity were in great danger. The great inscription (7) is part of the famous "Laws of Gortyna," concerning



THE MEGARON, OR HALL, PALACE OF HAGHIA TRIADHA (24).



THE THEATRAL AREA AT KNOSSOS (25).

bronze votive shield (2) was found with many other objects in the same metal in a cave on Mount Ida, shown by its rock-cut altar to have been a shrine, either of the goddess or her son, or perhaps of the divine pair. This discovery was made before the last

inheritance, land-tenure, marriage, adoption, and dealing to a large extent with women's rights. It was engraved probably in the sixth century B.C., and has a

unique philological as well as legal interest.

It is still at Gortyna (Haghios Deka), but ought to be moved to a place of greater safety. When discovered, its stones were being used to strengthen the



LARNAX INTERMENTS AT PALAIKASTRO (26).

of the world. The island Government, still in its infancy, has made a praiseworthy effort to safeguard and house its treasures, a much more genuine effort than has been made, alas! by the British Administration in Cyprus. But Cretan means are small, and local



THE PILLAR WITH SIGNS OF THE DOUBLE AXE AT KNOSSOS (27).



PHAESTOS (28).

embankment of a mill-race! All these precious things have been left either where they were found or in the museum at Candia, which is now unique among the museums

security is not fully established. The rickety building which serves for the museum at Candia is none too safe; and, if a better be not quickly provided, there will be less sympathy for the present policy of confining all antiquities to the island.

KING ALFONSO'S PICTURESQUE PEASANTRY: VALENCIAN COSTUME.

STEREOGRAPH COPYRIGHT BY UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD, LONDON AND NEW YORK.



SWEETHEARTING UNDER FIRE.

Valencia is the old Moorish kingdom between the Mediterranean and the eastern slopes of the lower terrace of the Castilian plateau from the river Cenia to the Monte la Bord. The inhabitants, like the Catalanians, speak the old Limousin dialect. The valleys are very fertile, and produce all kinds of cereals and fruits. The peasantry are a happy and picturesque people.

AT THE SIGN OF ST. PAUL'S.

BY ANDREW LANG.

THE man who invented sixpenny novels deserves, I think, the gratitude of all who are obliged to travel. For one small silver coin you purchase the most serviceable of companions, or if the book be a disappointing knave, you can cashier him, throw him out of the window, and be little the poorer. You can get good novels, tried friends; or you can make experiments in unknown masters of romance, all for sixpence.

After a few experiments one cannot deny that some popular masters, novelists of the highest renown, appear to entertain a lowly estimate of public taste and judgment. For example, in a narrative pleasingly entitled "Drink," Mr. Hall Caine seems to think no better intellectually of his audience than, morally, did the Shepherd (or was it Mr. Stiggins?) when he declared that "this audience is drunk." The audience of "Drink" is, doubtless, perfectly sober, but their literary standard cannot be high if they are entirely satisfied with their sixpenceworth.

The heroine of this passionate romance is not content, as her lover finds, to "drink to him only with her eyes"; she takes a more than generous share of whatever she can get in the way of stimulants. If she "leaves a kiss but in the cup" she leaves nothing more. "No heel taps" is the motto on which she acts.

These convivial habits, in a young and lovely girl, are too distressing a subject for art; pleasure being the end of art, as Aristotle wisely assures us. But my dissatisfaction with Mr. Hall Caine's new popular creation is increased when I learn that his heroine drinks so much because she is the victim of an hereditary curse. Her father, or grandfather, or some other kinsman, irritated somebody who invoked upon the family the curse of an excessive thirst, and it affected the family's conduct. The curse worked. Now this strikes even a member of the Society for the Restoration of Superstition as too improbable an element in romance. He murmurs "*Incredulus odi!*" which, being interpreted, means, "I don't believe it, and I don't like it." The lover (who himself takes off his glass of spirits on occasion, if I remember rightly) thinks of a very judicious plan. The Curse must work either by supranormal means or by "suggestion," and suggestion can cure a curse which suggestion can cause. The Hypnotist, a suggestive person, is the man to remove the Curse; but, after all, on account of some scruple or other, the Hypnotist is not employed by the lover of the thirsty damsel. Here my study of "Drink" ceased: my scientific interest in the cure of the inebriated heroine ended, though I hope that, in one way or another, she was restored to sobriety and the affection of her young man. My impression is that I did not get intellectual entertainment adequate to my initial outlay of sixpence. Curses that work to the extent of causing a periodical thirst for large quantities of alcohol may conceivably exist in the nature of things, but they are too unusual for artistic treatment.

In the same way, it is to be feared that the late Mr. Guy Boothby did not bestow creative thought enough on another curse, "The Curse of the Serpent," a sixpenny novel. We are never told what the very fine and large reptile which works the curse really is. He cannot be the Devil, for he dies at the end of the story. He dies and his unhappy master dies—

Clasped in one another's arms, and silent in a last embrace. Nor are we told how the master of the reptile can add at least five stone to his weight in a quarter of an hour. Our curiosity about this point is aroused in the first chapter, and, at the end, remains unsatisfied. It seems as if the interesting detail had escaped the author's recollection, which is hardly fair to capitalists who have laid out sixpence in hopes of information. If information is given, it has escaped my patient researches.

If I cannot conscientiously recommend this sixpenceworth (perhaps because my taste is at fault), I can suggest to the curious who have never read "The Life and Travels of John Macdonald" (London: Forbes, Covent Garden, 1790) to do so at the first opportunity. The hero is a kind of Highland Gil Blas, very pious and edifying. Though, after the record of his infancy is closed, not very entertaining.

"Les Enfances Jean," the childhood of John Macdonald, is most curious and pathetic. His father was of the famous family of Keppoch, and by profession was a grazier. "He, being a royer in disposition, and always hankering after the army, addicted himself to the use of the broad sword," says his son, "in which he excelled; and, being very hot and quarrelsome, challenged and fought many gentlemen with the sword and target, which affronted many families in the neighbourhood, and broke my mother's heart."

This sentence tells much in few words about this fighting Fitzgerald of the North. A fighting grazier must have been a curse to the whole region through which he drove his beasts to market.

The fiery Celt deserted his orphan children when their mother died; and when Prince Charlie came he was made a captain in Keppoch's regiment, and his five children, the eldest a girl of fourteen, the hero and narrator (a boy of five), with two or three others, wander barefoot from Inverness to Edinburgh, seeking a father whom they never find.

The leader, the girl, was but fourteen; there was a boy of ten, a babe of two, and John, the narrator, was nearly five. They were all dressed in tartans of the finest fabrics; they were obviously the children of a gentleman; their borrowed capital was one guinea. The girl carried the little ones across fords; once she and the baby were swept down into a pool, and were hardly rescued. They slept in barns, and begged their way, and John greatly enjoyed this life.

CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Millpond Lane, Strand, W.C.

F MYERSGROVE (Preston Lane).—Your problems are to hand, but we cannot examine them unless they are submitted on a diagram.

A E MENDEL (Pretoria, South Africa). The key is enough for two-move problems. For those in three variations should be given. Your correct solutions shall be acknowledged as received.

SORRENTO.—We believe your problem is sound, and it is marked for early insertion.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3248 received from V C (Cape Town), Sergeant Arthur E Mendel (Pretoria), and Girindra Chatterji Mukherji (Muktagacha, India); of No. 3251 from S L Friedland (New York), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), and James M K Lupton (Richmond); of No. 3252 from James M K Lupton; of No. 3253 from W Bryer (Stretet), Thomas Charlton (Clapham Park), Seymour Duncan (Chelsea), Robert Bee (Colsterworth), Spencer D Forbes (Cowes, Isle of Wight), Eugene Henry (Lewisham), C A Rowley (Clifton), James M K Lupton, Frederick Evans (Battersea Park), and Captain J A Challice.

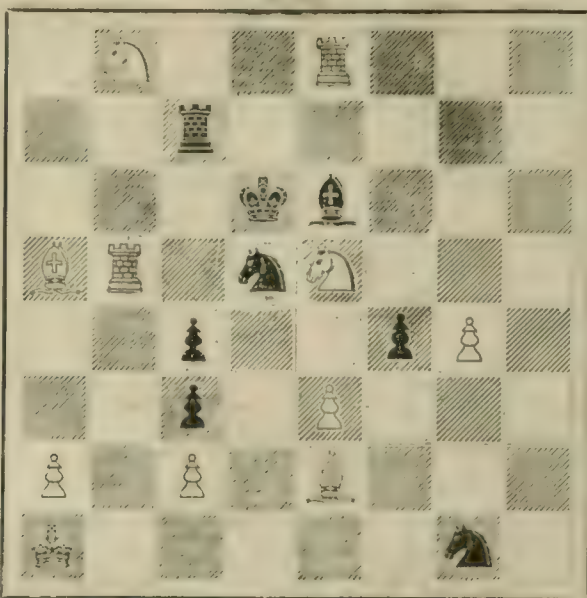
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3254 received from Sorrento, A Macdonald (Weymouth), J D Tucker (Hilley), Eugene Henry (Lewisham), E J Winter-wood, Shadforth, F Waller (Luton), R Worters (Canterbury), C E Perugini, H R James (Manchester), P Daly (Brighton), Charles Burnett, F Henderson (Leeds), S T K Douglas (Scone), A G Bagot (Dublin), F Murray (Swansea), J A S Hanbury (Birmingham), James M K Lupton (Richmond), J L (Brixton), and G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3253.—By B. G. LAWS.

1. R to K 6th is the author's; but 1. R to B 4th is equally effective.

PROBLEM No. 3256.—By H. E. KIDSON.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN AUSTRALIA.

Game played at the Adelaide Chess Club between Messrs. J. M. BEICHER and L. W. WHELFER.

(Danish Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. W.)	WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. W.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	11. Q R to K sq (ch)	K to Q sq
2. P to K B 4th	P takes P	12. K to K 4th	Q to Q 5th (ch)
3. Kt to K B 3rd	P to K Kt 4th	Here Q to Kt 3rd (ch) is better.	
4. B to B 4th	P to Kt 4th	13. K to R sq	P to K B 4th
5. Castles	P takes Kt	14. Q to R 5th	P to Q Kt 4th
6. Q takes P	Q to B 3rd	15. B to B 3rd	Q to Kt 3rd
7. P to Q 3rd	P to Q 4th	16. Q to K 8th (ch)	
8. P takes P	B to R 3rd	A brilliant ending.	
9. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to Q 2nd	17. Kt to Q 6th (dis. ch)	K takes Q
Kt to K 2nd is the correct move.		18. R to K 8th, mate.	
1. B to Q 2nd	P to Q R 3rd		

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played at the Buffalo Chess Club between Messrs. Grooms and Dixon.

(Danish Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. G.)	BLACK (Mr. D.)	WHITE (Mr. G.)	BLACK (Mr. D.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	10. Kt to Q 5th	Kt takes P
2. P to Q 4th	P takes P	11. R to K sq	B to B 4th
3. P to Q B 3rd	P takes P	12. P to K Kt 4th	B to Kt 3rd
4. B to K B 4th	P to Q 3rd	13. Kt to Q 2nd	Kt takes Kt
5. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	14. Kt takes B (ch)	K to R sq
6. Castles	B to K 2nd	15. Q takes Kt	R to K sq
7. Kt takes P	Castles	16. Q to Q B 3rd	P to K B 3rd
8. P to Q Kt 3rd	B to Kt 5th	White mates in two moves.	
9. B to Kt 2nd	P to Q B 4th		

Game played in the Championship Tournament of the Brooklyn Chess Club, between Messrs. Fox and Libaire.

(Blackmar Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. F.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)	WHITE (Mr. F.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to K B 4th	15. Q R to K sq	Kt to K 4th
2. P to K 4th	P takes P	This second sacrifice stamps the game as unusually brilliant.	
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	16. P takes Kt	Q to B 4th (ch)
4. B to K B 5th	P to B 3rd	17. K to Kt 3rd	
5. P to B 3rd	Q to R 4th	K to K sq only loses a little more quickly.	
This opening has been much exploited in America, and the latest fruits of analysis are here represented.		17. B takes P (ch)	B takes P (ch)
6. B takes Kt	K P takes B	18. K to R 3rd	P to B 4th
7. P takes P	B to Kt 5th	Not the least interesting feature of a remarkable game here begins. White's moves are forced, and there is really no defence against this march of the Pawns.	
8. Q to B 3rd	Castles	19. Q to B 3rd	P to Kt 4th
9. B to K 4th (ch)	P to Q 4th	20. P to Kt 4th	P to K R 4th
In preparation of a very beautiful combination.		21. K to Kt 2nd	H P takes P
10. P takes P	B to Kt 5th	22. Q to B 7th	R takes Q
11. P takes P (ch)	K to R sq	23. B takes R	Q to B 3rd (ch)
12. Q takes B	B takes Kt (ch)	24. K o Kt sq	Q takes P
13. K to B 2nd	Kt takes P	25. R to K sq	R to K B sq
14. Kt to K 2nd		26. B to Kt 3rd	B to Q 5th (ch)
If P takes B, Q takes P wins back the piece, and smashes up the Queen's Pawns.		Black mates in two moves.	

On Oct. 1 will be issued the first number of the *Chess Amateur*, a monthly magazine devoted to the game, price threepence. The list of contributors is a very strong one, and if the promise of the prospectus is maintained, the new venture should have a prosperous career. Nothing so attractive has been offered to chess-players before, and the cost is so low that the hope of its promoters for a large circulation should find no difficulty in being realised. The publisher is Mr. H. Harmor, George Street, Stroud, Gloucestershire.

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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE ALCOHOL QUESTION.

IT is never a very satisfactory proceeding to attempt to settle a grave question in the heat and turmoil of a public discussion. Much more reasonable is it to wait till the days of special pleading have passed away, and till we can sit down in peace and quietness and discuss the matter from varied points of view. Then it is that, provided with facts and evidences, we are able to form judgments, which, even if they prove to be erroneous, cannot be said to have been arrived at in undue haste. The alcohol question is one which has troubled the minds of men for a very long period, and, having regard to its nature and importance, it is precisely one of those matters which demand the calmest and most impartial consideration if we desire to arrive at just conclusions concerning the place and power of wine and its compeers.

Discussions regarding alcohol labour mostly under the disadvantage of taking place under conditions which often render argument difficult and reflection vain. Many persons are unable to think of alcohol save from a sentimental standpoint, which, however justified it may appear in the light of social features, is nevertheless the last attitude likely to throw light on the question. The only attitude which is at all a tenable one in the matter is that of science. If we are all agreed that the abuse of alcohol represents a great evil, that used in excess it is a prominent factor in the evolution of crime and disease; it is clear the question of drunkenness may be regarded as permanently settled. Nobody I have ever heard of has ventured to defend excessive drinking, and by a consensus of opinion the drunkard is regarded to-day as an object of legislation, just as in a higher era of things he will be probably treated as mentally unsound, or at least as dwelling on the dim borderland that separates the responsible and sane from the erratic and the insane.

So far, there is a tacit agreement that inebriety is a condition to be rigidly dealt with socially, legally, and—I would suggest—medically. But other phases of the question arise for the consideration of thoughtful minds. There is, for example, the scientific side of alcohol, and the chemist and physiologist together claim, and rightly, that their investigations here are to be conducted and examined on precisely the same basis as criticism would be lavished on their views regarding, say, coffee or tea. It is clear, if alcohol be the very dangerous and noxious substance it is declared to be in certain quarters, it is science which must have afforded the basis for such denunciation. At the Toronto meeting of the British Medical Association, Sir Victor Horsley and other medical men gave a flat contradiction to the idea that alcohol is of any service at all to mankind. They took their stand on the idea or theory that alcohol is a "poison," a designation which, it may be remarked, is shared by tea and coffee, each of which contains poisonous principles. Many things "poisonous," if used erroneously, and in excess, possess virtues which are utilised in the cure of disease and in social life as well. We may let the epithet "poison" go by the board, I think, for it forms no part of a fair argument to start the discussion by labelling alcohol in this way, without condescending to explain that it so acts when used, to excess or when otherwise employed against physiological advice.

The all-round denunciation of alcohol will not advance the temperance cause if past experience is to be trusted. That all medical men will, and do, agree with Sir V. Horsley and his party is, of course, on the face of it, an absurd proposition. Every physician argues for temperance, and his professional experience enables him very emphatically to condemn excess. But to allege that alcohol is of no service whatever, that its use invariably (in moderation, of course) is always attended by serious disturbance of health, and that it should find no place in the list of substances at the command of the physician for the treatment of disease, are statements for which I make bold to say there exist no adequate foundations in fact, and to which a very large body of medical opinion, and an equal amount of every-day intelligent experience, are directly opposed.

The fact is that a good deal of the evidence on which the wholesale condemnation of alcohol is founded is taken from physiological details of special kind, and such as do not run parallel to that wide clinical experience represented in the daily life of each of us. If you can paralyse a living cell with alcohol, or stunt the growth of a plant by giving it alcohol, it is rather a far cry to assume that the complex body of a human being must exhibit precisely similar results when a stimulant is taken. Careful experiments long ago showed that the physiological limit for a healthy man was represented by about an ounce and a half of absolute alcohol per day. Up to this limit no disturbance of health resulted; beyond it, there were produced effects not consistent with perfect health. We get a standard here which is useful, if only it demonstrates the untrustworthiness of the argument that alcohol taken in any quantity, however small, is inevitably an injurious agent.

The great cause of temperance will never be promoted by those who "do protest too much." Overzeal is just as dangerous a quality in a reformer as is apathy in the subject to whom his arguments are addressed. There is not an individual who does not desire to see greater sobriety around him and a stricter attention paid to the evils of excessive drinking. But this desire will not be carried into realisation by the publication, even under the authority of a few distinguished names, of statements of a character so sweeping that even the common experience of life flatly contradicts them. The pity of it all is that, in their endeavour to get roast pig, the unwise reformers burn down their house.

ANDREW WILSON.

THE WORK OF THE GREATEST FRENCH ETCHER.

ETCHING BY PAUL HELLEU.



MADemoiselle X.

This is the second study of the charming series of etchings by M. Paul Helleu, of which "The Illustrated London News" has acquired the British rights of publication. The artist is supreme in studies of beautiful women, and of these our series, to be published from time to time, is entirely composed.

NEW FEATURES AT MANŒUVRES, NAVAL AND MILITARY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL PRESS AND ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.



MEN OF THE AÉRONAUTIC CORPS CONVEYING A SIGNAL-BALLOON.



HAULING DOWN THE SIGNAL-BALLOON.

AÉRONAUTICS IN WARFARE: SIGNAL-BALLOON AT THE GERMAN MANŒUVRES.

During the recent military manœuvres in Silesia, the German troops experimented with the signal-balloon. It is not intended for passengers, but is sent up over the field of battle to convey messages by a system of cones and drums or flags, which are hung from it according to a code.



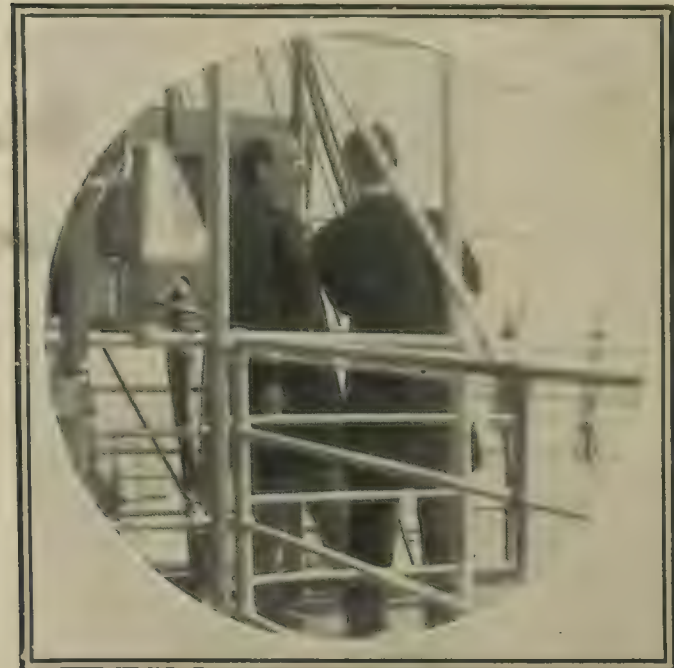
THE FRENCH MILITARY MOTOR'S SUCCESS ON UNEVEN GROUND.



CAPTAIN GENTY'S MILITARY MOTOR CARRYING A HOTCHKISS GUN.

MOTOR AND MITRAILLEUSE: A NEW ADAPTATION AT THE FRENCH MANŒUVRES.

The French military authorities made many experiments with war-automobiles during the manœuvres that are just finished. One of the most interesting machines was that of Captain Genty, who is known to motorists by the nickname of "de la Touloubre." His car was a Panhard-Levassor, on which was mounted a Hotchkiss gun. The gun was on a vertical axis, permitting it to be fired in all directions. Captain Genty used his motor successfully on the most uneven ground, and even made it conquer declivities that would be almost insurmountable for field artillery.



Mr. Bonaparte. Mr. Roosevelt.

NAPOLÉON'S KINSMAN (NAVAL SECRETARY, U.S.A.) AND PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AT THE OYSTER BAY MANŒUVRES.

Mr. Charles Joseph Bonaparte, a barrister, kinsman to the Emperor Napoleon, was appointed Secretary of the United States Navy on July 1, 1905. He was born in Maryland in 1851.



OUR GREATEST CAVALRY LEADER'S CARAVAN: GENERAL FRENCH'S TRAVELLING OFFICE NEAR FRENTHAM.

During the Aldershot manœuvres General French did his field-work in a travelling office, which differed very little from an ordinary gypsy caravan. It was photographed in a field at Frentham. The office was drawn from point to point by horses, but it is most probable that before long the power will be petrol.

THE GREAT CORPULENCE CURE.

The unanimous approval of Antipon by the Press throughout the country is not the least gratifying element in the wonderful success of this unrivalled remedy for corpulence. Many hundreds of men and women residing in all parts of the United Kingdom and abroad have written to thank the proprietors of Antipon for the permanent benefit they have derived, not only as regards the lasting reduction of weight, but also as to the marvellous improvement in health, strength, and vitality. These grateful letters are carefully preserved at the offices of the Antipon Company in order that there may be no doubt in anyone's mind as to their genuineness. Ladies and gentlemen who have gone through the treatment are delighted with its simplicity and harmlessness. There is not one disagreeable feature. In itself Antipon is pleasant, being an agreeably tart and refreshing liquid of a red wine-like appearance. It contains no ingredient that is not derived from the vegetable kingdom, and is in every respect pure, being most carefully prepared by a special scientific process. It is pleasant also, because it does not cause the slightest stomachic or intestinal disturbance, and can be taken at all times, at home or travelling, without trouble or inconvenience. Again, it is pleasant because it does not require the assistance of any disagreeably restricted dietary, such as made the old-time methods of reducing weight so dangerously weakening. The contrary is the case, for Antipon acts not only as a rapid fat-absorbent but as a tonic of the highest value. The appetite improves daily and must be fully satisfied with good muscle-forming food. That is positively all the help that Antipon calls for. The principle upon which this admirable treatment is based is that the body must be always amply nourished, while the masses of superfluous fatty matter are being, so to speak, drained out of the system. The result is obvious. The muscles, deprived of the over-abundance of fatty deposits that made them flabby and formless, become firm and strong, and the limbs are restored to shapeliness as fast as the development of new muscular tissue goes on. The old and discredited methods that have wrought so much harm in the past practically destroyed the muscular as well as the adipose tissue by sheer drugging aided by semi-starvation and exhausting physical exercises! Thus it will be seen that Antipon is a complete reversal of those harmful methods of fat reduction which, by the way, were not permanent in their reductive



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Colonial Readers of the "Illustrated London News" will be glad to know that Antipon is stocked by Wholesale Druggists in Australasia, South Africa, Canada, India, &c., and may be obtained through a local Chemist or Stores.

King of Corpulence Cures.

results, for no sooner did the subject begin to eat without the unusual restraint entailed than the fat redeveloped with disheartening persistence.

Now, Antipon destroys the tendency to make fat of everything eaten. That is the secret of its truly astonishing success in every case of extreme stoutness, however long the affliction may have been borne. Antipon not only increases appetite, but perfects the digestive process, and, as it is only the food which is properly digested that nourishes the system, it will be seen that Antipon is of benefit to those who suffer from indigestion and the various complaints to which that disorder gives rise. Antipon has also a marked tonic action on the skin, inducing free, natural action, thus helping to rid the blood of impurities. The complexion becomes roseate with health, the skin pure, flabbiness and puffiness disappear, and the outlines of face, neck, bust, &c., become natural and youthful. A simple course of Antipon, conscientiously followed, will make anyone look and feel many years younger, and what is more important, the welcome improvement is always lasting. Another point: Antipon gradually removes the superfluous masses of internal fat that have such a bad effect upon the vital organs, especially the heart. Breathing becomes normal again, faintness and dizziness are no longer experienced, profuse sweating on slight exertion gives no further trouble. Healthy outdoor recreation becomes a renewed delight, the step is elastic, the carriage graceful. And it stands to reason that this renewed enjoyment of wholesome outdoor exercise helps to keep the body "fit" and strong. Briefly, the restored energy is both physical and mental, and depression and melancholia are of the past. Within a day and a night of the first dose the subject will experience a loss of avoirdupois varying from 8 oz. to 3 lb., according to the severity or slowness of the obese condition. Then day by day a steady reduction goes on satisfactorily until complete restoration of symmetry of form and of standard weight according to height, when the doses may be discontinued without fear of redevelopment of superabundant fat, the tendency to make fat having been obliterated. Thousands of readers have used Antipon with entire success, and no doubt thousands more will follow their good example—with equal benefit goes without saying. That is assured.

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THINGS UNPARALLELED IN OUR WORLD OF WONDERS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL PRESS, "LESIE'S WEEKLY," D'ARCY, AND BOWDEN.



THE LARGEST COFFEE-DRYING FIELD IN THE WORLD: BUENOPOLIS, BRAZIL.

In 1904 Brazil exported 1,024,536 bags of coffee, and the revenue therefrom was £19,957,569, or more than one-third of the total export revenue.



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The speed of forty miles an hour has been achieved by the Archdeacon machine. It has a two-cylinder Buchet motor of 6-h.p.



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MECHANISM OF ARCHDEACON'S SCREW MOTOR-CYCLE.

Near the points where the pedals would be in an ordinary bicycle is the 6 h.p. Buchet motor connected by a band with a large pulley on the axle of the screw. The screw itself is of aluminium.



DEMOLITION IN MID-AIR: TAKING DOWN A FAMOUS NEW YORK CHURCH. Dr. Parkhurst's church, near Madison Square, New York, one of the oldest and most famous of the city's churches, is now demolished. In the photograph, the stepladders, 300 feet in air, are tearing down the steeple.



THE LARGEST WOODEN BUILDING IN THE WORLD: GOVERNMENT HOUSE, WELLINGTON, IN MOURNING FOR MR. SEDDON.

Among wooden structures the Government buildings at Wellington, N.Z. are famous, and the material has been most cunningly handled. For the largest wooden royal residence in the world one must go to Trondhjem, to the Palace occupied by the King and Queen of Norway during their Coronation.



THE LARGEST MONUMENT IN THE WORLD: THE VICTOR EMMANUEL II. MEMORIAL.

The monument, which is in Rome, between the Forum of Trajan and the Capitol, has taken twenty years to build. The architect was the late Giuseppe Sacconi, who died last year, and the work has been carried on by his assistant, the sculptor Passerini. The monument will probably be inaugurated three years hence.

Concerning "Tatcho."

To the Hundred Thousand Ladies and Gentlemen who have written me from all parts of the world (sometimes enclosing stamps for reply, and sometimes expecting me to defray the return postage to the uttermost corners of the earth), requesting me to forward them immediately my recipe for arresting the Fall of the Hair.

Greeting. Know all of you by these presents: That finding it utterly impossible, even with the assistance of an expensive staff, to deal with the mass of correspondence, and having also ascertained that in consequence of the success of my remedy "Tatcho," discovered, advertised, and distributed gratuitously by me, dozens of preparations have been placed on the market purporting to be the same as mine, but in reality nothing of the sort, many of them being absolutely innocent of the principal ingredient, I have been compelled to place the matter in the hands of a Syndicate. These gentlemen have agreed to supply the whole world with the preparation absolutely made up according to my directions. It was the only way for me to protect the public and myself. (See coupon.)

Geo R Sims



To undertake the introduction of "Tatcho" to the public a wealthy syndicate was formed, embracing several of the best known scientific, literary, and commercial names in London, and under the name of the George R. Sims' Hair Restorer Company is introducing "Tatcho" to the toilet table of every member of the King's vast Empire. It has been decided to distribute a quantity of large trial bottles of "Tatcho" to enable those who have not yet profited by Mr. Sims' discovery to do so. This is done in the belief that such distribution will enable the preparation to become more widely known, and will introduce it into every home in a more satisfactory manner than could be effected through extravagant outlay in advertising. To enable you to participate in this distribution cut out the coupon below and post to the Company's offices, with your name and address legibly written, accompanied by postal order for 1s. 10d. in exchange for which you will receive under plain cover a large 4s. 6d. trial bottle post free.



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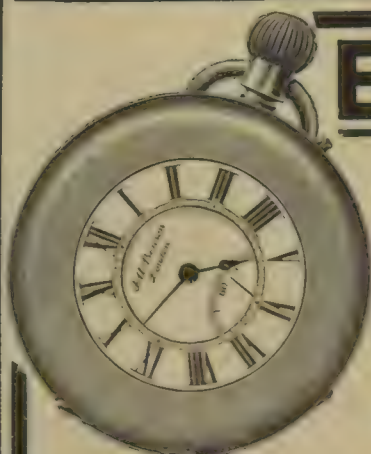
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And 25, OLD BOND STREET, W.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

THE Archbishop of Canterbury is to preach at St. Mary's, Dover, on Oct. 10, and he will also preside at the afternoon and evening meetings in the Town

same evening in Swansea parish church in support of the St. David's Diocesan Church Army Labour and Lodging Home.

The letter contributed by the Rev. Sydney A. Selwyn, M.A., to the Trinity Church, Hampstead, Parish

Dr. Randall, the late Dean of Chichester, and Mrs. Randall have moved into their new home at Bournemouth. Dr. Randall's health has greatly improved of late.

A large number of well-known clergymen attended the funeral of the Rev. Henry Haig, Canon Residentiary

Mr. Rochfort Maguire. Mrs. Rochfort Maguire. Miss Jane Thomewill. Mrs. George Keppel. Lord Savile. Mr. Lewis Harcourt. Sir Hedworth Williamson. Mrs. Lewis Harcourt. Colonel Harry Legge. Sir Arthur Davidson. Lord Cadogan.



Mr. Vyner. Lady George. The King. Lady Savile. Lady Sarah Wilson.

THE KING AT DONCASTER: LADY SAVILE'S HOUSE PARTY AT RUFFORD ABBEY.

The King went to Rufford Abbey on September 10, and stayed until September 17, when his Majesty left for Scotland. On Spey Side the King will stay at Tulchan Lodge as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Sassoon. It is ten years since his Majesty visited Tulchan Lodge. As the accommodation is limited, the King has dispensed with his private suite.—[PHOTOGRAPH BY KNIGHTS-WHITTORE.]

Hall in connection with the Canterbury Diocesan Festival of the S.P.G.

After his strenuous week-end at Sheffield, Prebendary Carlile proceeded to Swansea. Here he addressed a garden meeting held by permission of Mrs. Picton Turbervill at Hendrefoilan on Sept 12, and preached the

Magazine for September is dated from Sark. Mr. Selwyn, in common with the other Hampstead clergy, is keenly interested in the arrangements for the forthcoming general mission. The reception of all the missioners for Hampstead by the Bishop of London is fixed for Saturday, Oct. 20, at 3.30 p.m.

of Winchester, and formerly Archdeacon of the Isle of Wight, which took place at Winchester cemetery last week. The Dean of Winchester officiated at the grave side, and the Bishop of Guildford pronounced the blessing. Canon Haig's remains rest beside those of two of his sons. V.



P. S.

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I. L. N., 22/9/06

LADIES' PAGES.

IN time to come, the Dowager Empress of China will probably be as interesting and remarkable a figure in history as our Queen Elizabeth and the Empress Catherine of Russia. Reckless abuse has been commonly lavished upon the Chinese Empress in the Press of Europe, but nothing could obscure the wonderfulness of her career. Sold by poor parents as a slave, and therefore certainly being without any family "backing"; living in a country where the subordination of women is inculcated in the strongest terms both as propriety and as a religious tenet, and not being even the mother of the heir to the throne, this extraordinary personage has proved herself the indispensable head of her nation. One person after another has died whose existence would beforehand have been thought to be a necessary buttress to the Dowager Empress's power, but she has remained unaffected. When the Emperor came of age, she ostentatiously resigned to him the reins of government; but not many years had gone by before she was recalled to power, and the nominal sovereign was reduced to a cypher. Surely this is a remarkable career, and the more interesting because so incomprehensible to us, looking at Chinese institutions and character from the outside.

The Empress-Dowager has always been represented here as a mere obstructive, reactionary, or conservative individuality. But this never appeared to me to be true; she had favoured the introduction of railways into China, and in various other matters had seemed to do as much as she could to advance without shocking her very conservative nation. Now the disastrous results of the wars of China against more civilised Powers must have convinced every thinking Chinaman that some change is inevitable, and the Dowager Empress is leading the way. The *Times*' "own correspondent" at Peking writes on Sept. 2 that the new "Imperial Decree," pledging the throne to reforms, ultimately leading to constitutional government, "is by the Empress-Dowager, though issued by the Emperor; it is excellent in tone, and most sensible, and has created a good impression." The *Daily Telegraph*'s Tokio correspondent writes on the same subject—"Count Okuma, in an interview, says the Empress-Dowager is the great and wonderful woman of the day. China is revolutionising herself by the single will of the Empress. He thinks the Constitution proclamation will awaken Chinese opinion." The Japanese statesman's phrase is very like that which was used to me by a Chinese gentleman, a member of the Embassy in London, with whom I had a talk about six years ago. He spoke English as well as myself, and told me that he had been the tutor in our language of the young Emperor, who reads English easily. I asked this Chinaman what he thought about the Dowager Empress, and he replied very gravely, "My mistress is the greatest and most remarkable of women!" Chinese women will have cause to bless her memory, for she has issued an edict



A GRACEFUL AFTERNOON GOWN.

Chiffon velours in a rich shade of purple builds this handsome gown. It is made corselet-fashion, with lace under-bodice and bolero and bretelles of the velvet, finished with silk tassels.

ordering the discontinuance of the foot-binding of girls, and has given a great sum to the American Christian Medical Missions for a woman's hospital, in order to have Chinese women therein taught to be physicians to their own sex; and now she proposes to found a woman's university in Peking.

Newspaper reporting is responsible for many false impressions; not that the reporters mean to convey such, but that, in seeking to select from the too-abundant mass of material placed before them, they naturally choose what they believe will amuse the largest number of readers, perhaps in preference to what is most intrinsically important. But is it not really rather absurd to note the lengthy descriptions given of Lady Warwick's gowns at the recent Trades Union Congress? Her grey voile trimmed with lace, her black-and-white striped gauze, and her "lemon-coloured costume" (so says the reporter!) have been accorded space denied to the discussions on important topics by men whose class hold the majority of votes, and can, if united, absolutely carry their decisions into effect. The universal feeding of school children at the expense of the community, instead of that of their parents, the uncompensated confiscation of some forms of property, and so on, were treated as of less general interest than one woman's frocks! This interest (of pretty and costly garb for ladies) is presumably one of the things that Socialism will destroy. How can anybody wear beautiful and fragile clothing under a régime of social equality?

Meantime, a desire for smart clothing is one of the great inducements to women to work, whether out in the world for wages, or in the home by economies and efforts designed to save money for dress that would be otherwise needlessly spent in house-keeping. An excellent idea, considering how natural the desire for pretty clothes is to women, is that of an American bachelor-millionaire named Raphael Weill. He belongs to San Francisco, and after the recent disaster there, in which so many women of moderate means were deprived at one blow of their entire wardrobes, Mr. Weill reflected that he had never had to pay any bills for frocks, hats, and wraps, gloves, laces, and ornaments, and that he had failed of his duty to feminine humanity thereby. He determined, therefore, to offer five thousand "complete outfits" to as many women of small means who had been deprived of their wardrobes by the fire. A committee of fifty ladies was formed to receive

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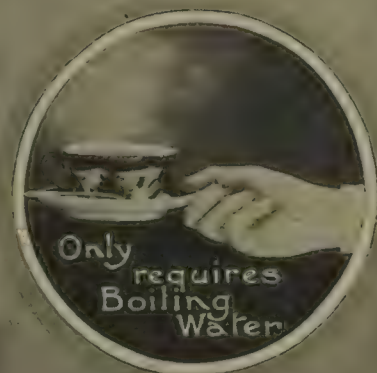
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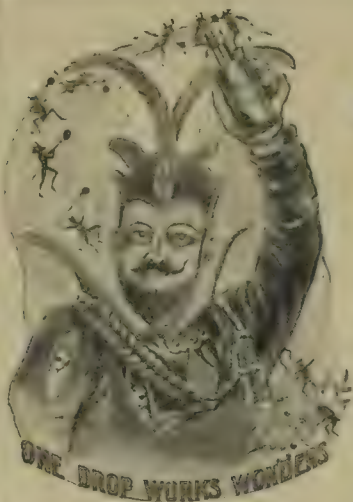
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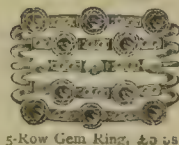
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DR. ANDREW WILSON'S REPORT ON THE REMOVAL OF LEAD FROM WATER—

In conformity with the request of the Berkefeld Filter Company, I have had the powers of their Filters tested by an experienced chemical expert, in order to determine if lead contained in water could be removed by their Filters. On submitting a drinking water containing lead to the action of the "Berkefeld" Filter, this lead was found to be removed. If lead exists in a state of true solution no Filter will remove it from water, but if such water be treated first with chalk (to remove acidity) the "Berkefeld" Filter will yield lead-free water. As lead is ordinarily represented in many waters, it will be removed by these Filters; where lead is present in a certain form—lead nitrate, for example—the Filter will not remove the impurity, but it will do so if the water is first treated with chalk. How much lead a water may contain depends on the character of the water, and also on the length of time it has lain in contact with, say, a leaden pipe.

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applications for the gifts, and now five thousand women are once again in a position to feel happy and self-respecting through this excellent bachelor's self-imposed tax on behalf of women's needs. What a good example to other rich bachelors!

After all, the plan that has frequently been proposed of taxing bachelors over a certain age has much to recommend it. The men who object to the free opening of all occupations to women, and who talk of a woman's self-supporting efforts as "taking the bread out of men's mouths," ought to be ready to vote for a tax on those men who do not marry and do their part in earning support for some woman. Old-age pensions for lone, lorn, single women are dreadfully needed! The poor old widow deserves a pension too, for she has probably never had a chance of saving on her own account; all that her husband gave her was usually urgently required to be spent on the family, and even if she managed to save a little out of her weekly housekeeping allowance, it was not legally hers, but her husband could take it from her again. (This is a fact—the Married Woman's Property Act specially provides that if a married woman who has no business outside her home saves any money, the same shall be deemed to be the property of her husband; it may be drawn by him out of the savings bank and taken from any investment; though this seems to wives so unjust that few of them will believe, even when they are told, that the law forbids them to keep what they may manage to save out of their housekeeping or dress allowances.) But if the widow cannot be blamed for having failed to save a provision for her own old age, how much more hopeless has the case of the spinster usually been! We are constantly being told that a man's wages must be higher than a woman's, because his income has to support a family, while hers has not. But when the man, profiting by this theory, neglects to fulfil the duty of supporting a family and spends all his income in self-indulgence, leaving the girl he ought to marry and provide for to toil through a life of ill-paid industry, unable to save much from her scanty pittance, ought she not to be able at a certain age to claim a share of the over plus that the bachelor has received? Seriously, now, ought there not to be old-age pensions for poor, solitary women, raised by a special tax on bachelors over, say, thirty years of age?

Spangles continue to be used largely on smart evening gowns, and promise to be very fashionable in the coming winter season. One of the most famous French men-milliners was responsible for one shown me a few days ago. It was a sheath-like Princess, a "gaine," in black net heavily sewn with small jet spangles, and placed over a blue taffetas foundation that shed through the interstices a moonlight gleam. Round the bottom, from about the knees to the end of the dress—the feet in front, a train about a yard on the ground behind—the skirt was weighted by a succession of large and heavy motifs in the shape of marguerites worked in paillettes of jet; under this came a hem some six inches wide of blue chiffon velours. The sleeves were large puffs of dark blue tulle held in place by elbow bands of jetted net, and a line of the same rich-toned tulle finished the slight décolletage all round. Another dress seen at Aix-les-Bains was striped lime-green and white gauze, embroidered in lines



A WHITE CLOTH COSTUME.

The collar and revers are made of purple cloth, and the skirt and bolero are further trimmed with lines of braid of the same colour. The buttons are covered with the purple cloth.

between the stripes with heliotrope and green spangles. A deep flounce of lace was headed with motifs of bead embroidery in similar colours, and on the corsage bretelles and a band round the décolletage were also of the bead trimming. There is, in fact, a revival of bead embroidery close upon us—beads as distinguished from the flimsy composition "paillettes," that is to say.

Doncaster Autumn Meeting usually gives the first display of such costumes as are above referred to, but the phenomenally fine and warm weather of this delightful September made the dress this time resemble that at Goodwood. Muslins and voiles and gauzes were the order of the day instead of cloths and tweeds. On the St. Leger day, a few light-weight cloth gowns were worn, generally in delicate tints, such as Mrs. George Keppel's champagne-tinted face cloth, worn with a bronze-green velvet hat trimmed by a panache of green and purple feathers; or Mrs. Hwfa Williams' wine-coloured cloth embroidered in chenille and beads in the same colour. But on every hand were pretty summer gowns. Lady Londonderry wore black and white, the dress of black silk gauze over a white glacé foundation, and a black toque trimmed with white ostrich feathers. The King's hostess, Lady Savile, wore pale grey silk colienne with a hat of the same colour trimmed with an ostrich plume and faded pink roses that harmonised well with the grey. One of her guests, Lady Sarah Wilson, had a corselet gown of grey taffetas, with trimmings and bretelles of black moiré, and a black hat with grey feathers. Viscountess Galway wore a lace-cloth dress in reddish-purple, and had the latest fashionable trimming, purple grapes, on her hat, together with a pink rose. Lady Angela Forbes, one of Lady Warwick's beautiful half-sisters, looked charming in rose-pink tussore silk; and the same becoming tint was worn by the Countess of Craven, who had a chiffon velours, Directoire coat over a skirt of plain cloth, and a pink hat trimmed with Nattier blue plumes—perhaps the prettiest costume worn on the occasion.

A new claimant for the housewife's attention is "Nylon," which comes to aid in the cleansing of the home as well as for personal use in the bath. "Nylon" cleanses, disinfects, and purifies everything with which it comes in contact, and saves time, labour, and expenses in the bargain. "Nylon" has a hundred uses in the household—in the kitchen, in the laundry. Dirt, dust, stains, grease-spots, and impurities of every sort are banished magically. For scouring floors, scrubbing wooden trays, deal tables, cupboards; for cleaning linoleum, oilcloth, and paintwork; for removing old stains from marble; for cleaning and polishing silver plate; for cleaning windows and mirrors; for "washing-up" plates and dishes; for removing grease-spots from clothing, etc.; for cleansing and restoring carpets and tapestry; for all these and many other purposes "Nylon" will be found useful.

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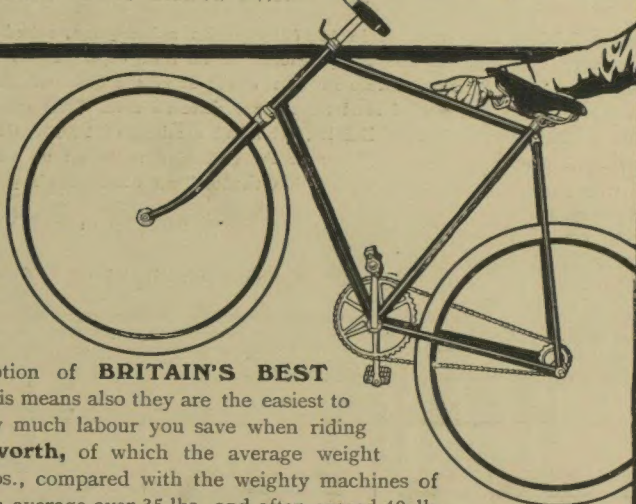
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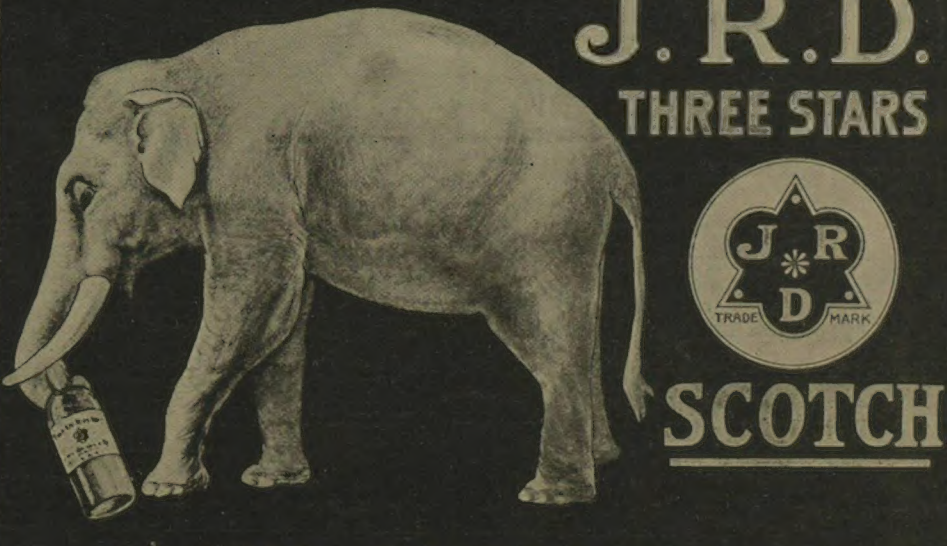
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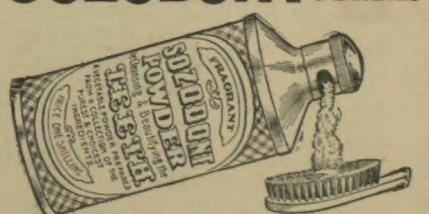
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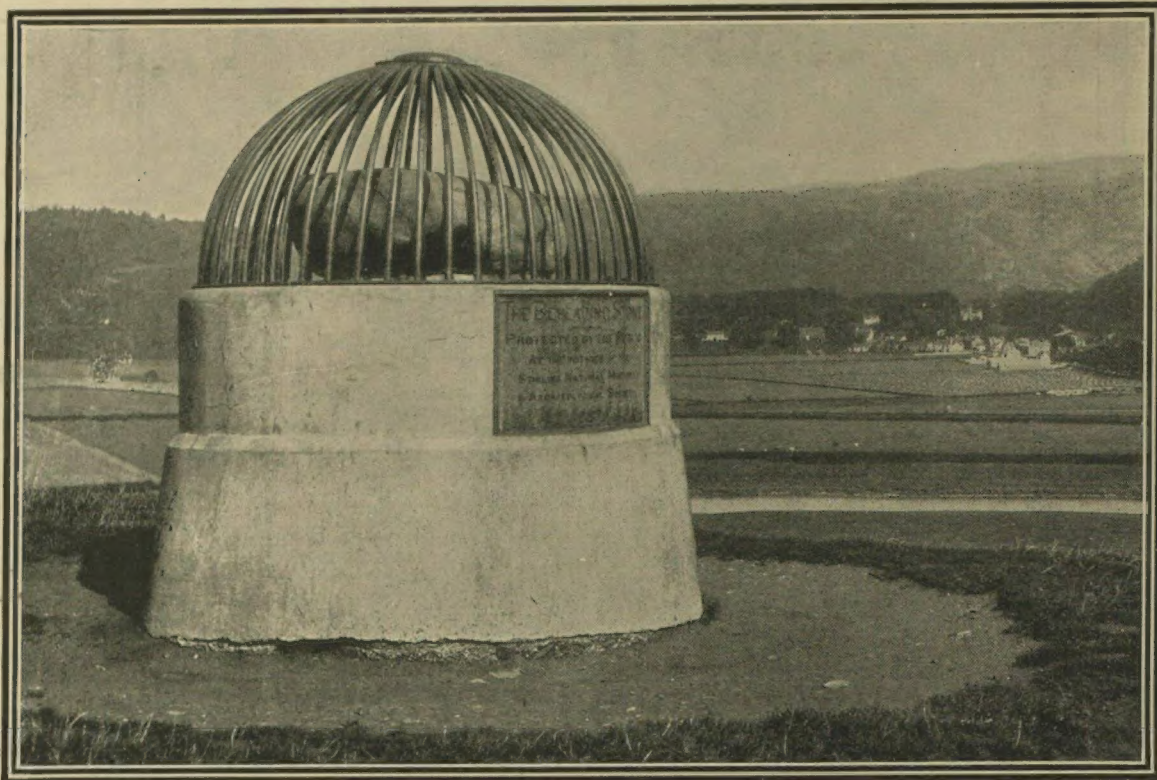
THE will (dated March 10, 1904), with a codicil (dated March 24 following), of **SIR WILFRID LAWSON, BART., M.P.**, of Brayton, Cumberland, who died on July 1 at 18, Ovington Square, was proved at Carlisle on Aug. 31 by Sir Wilfrid Lawson, the son, and the Hon. Arthur Henry Holland-Hibbert, the executors, the gross value of the estate amounting to £227,114, and the net personally to £54,695. The testator bequeaths £5000, such of his ornaments, plate, books, personal effects, furniture, horses and carriages, and such house of his other than Brayton, as she may select, to his wife, Dame Mary Lawson, and he makes up her income with any jointure derivable from him to £2000 per annum; £500 to the United Kingdom Alliance for the suppression of the liquor traffic; £10,000 each to his sons Arthur and Godfrey and his daughter Josephine; £10,000, upon trust, for Adelaide Mary, the widow of his late son Mordaunt, so long as she remains a widow, and his children; £10,000, upon trust, for his daughter Lucy Thruston for life, and then for her daughters; and many legacies to grandchildren, son-in-law, relations, friends, servants and labourers on his estates, domestic servants, and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his son Wilfrid.

The will (dated Oct. 16, 1903), with a codicil (dated April 2, 1904), of **MR. WILLIAM COLFOX, D.L., J.P.**, of Westmead, Allington, Dorset, who died on July 18, was proved on Aug. 29 by Mr. Thomas Alfred Colfox, the son and sole executor, the gross value of the estate amounting

to £287,679, and the net personally to £229,584. The testator leaves £1000 to the Bridport Unitarian Chapel for the benefit of the chapel and congregation; £500 each to the Unitarian British and Foreign Association, Manchester College, Oxford, and the London

£500 per annum during the life of her mother, to his daughter Alice Lee Colfox; £49,000 upon trust for, and certain plate to, his daughter Mrs. Margaret Wansey Lupton; and there are many legacies to relatives, indoor and outdoor servants, and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his son Thomas Alfred.

The will (dated July 4, 1878), with three codicils (dated Sept. 23, 1884, June 16, 1902, and Dec. 17, 1904), of **MISS ANNA MARIA ALDERSON**, of Tickhill, Yorkshire, who died on Feb. 2, was proved at Wakefield on Aug. 27 by Marmaduke Jonathan George Alderson, Miss Josephine Isabella Alderson, Reginald Thorp Wilson, and the Rev. Thomas Christopher Bradberry, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £90,022. The testatrix bequeaths £400 to the Vicar of Tickhill upon trust for the benefit of poor persons in that parish; £100 to Miss Smallwood, of Great Malvern, for the Society for the assistance of ladies in reduced circumstances, of which she is honorary secretary; £18,000 to the children of her late nephew, William Marmaduke Dixwell Alderson, except the one who will take the Tickhill property, and Gertrude Adeline Maud Stanforth; £7000 to her niece Josephine Isabella Alderson, and numerous legacies to relatives, executors, coachman, and gardener. She settles Tickhill House and other real estate at Tickhill and £30,000 upon her great-nephew, Marmaduke Jonathan George Alderson, for life, and then upon his eldest son. Certain plate, pictures, furniture, and articles of family interest are made heirlooms to go with Tickhill House. As to the residue of her property, she gives one-third to her



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The beheading-stone at Stirling was protected in 1887 by public subscription, raised at the instance of the Stirling Natural History and Archaeological Society. It was then enclosed in an iron cage. There is another relic of public execution in Stirling in the Museum of the Smith Institute in that city. It is the bowl which the public executioner used when he went round the market taking a measure of meal from every farmer's sack. This method of paying the executioner obtained also in France until the time of the first M. Deibler, who had a salary of 10,000 francs. The office of "M. de Paris" has just been abolished, as no district of Paris will permit the guillotine to be set up within its boundaries. M. Deibler's son may thus say, with Othello, "my occupation's gone."

Domestic Mission; £50 to the Bridport Unitarian Sunday School; his residence, Westmead, with the furniture and effects (except certain plate), £62,000, and

pictures, furniture, and articles of family interest are made heirlooms to go with Tickhill House. As to the residue of her property, she gives one-third to her

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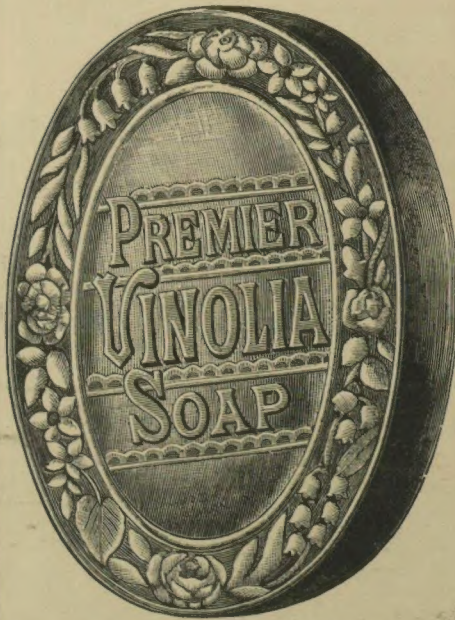


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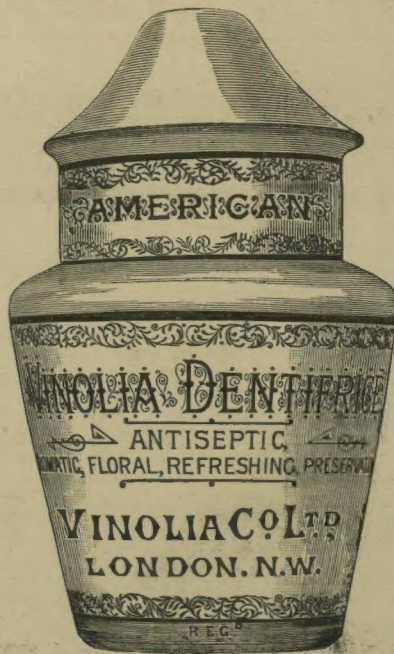


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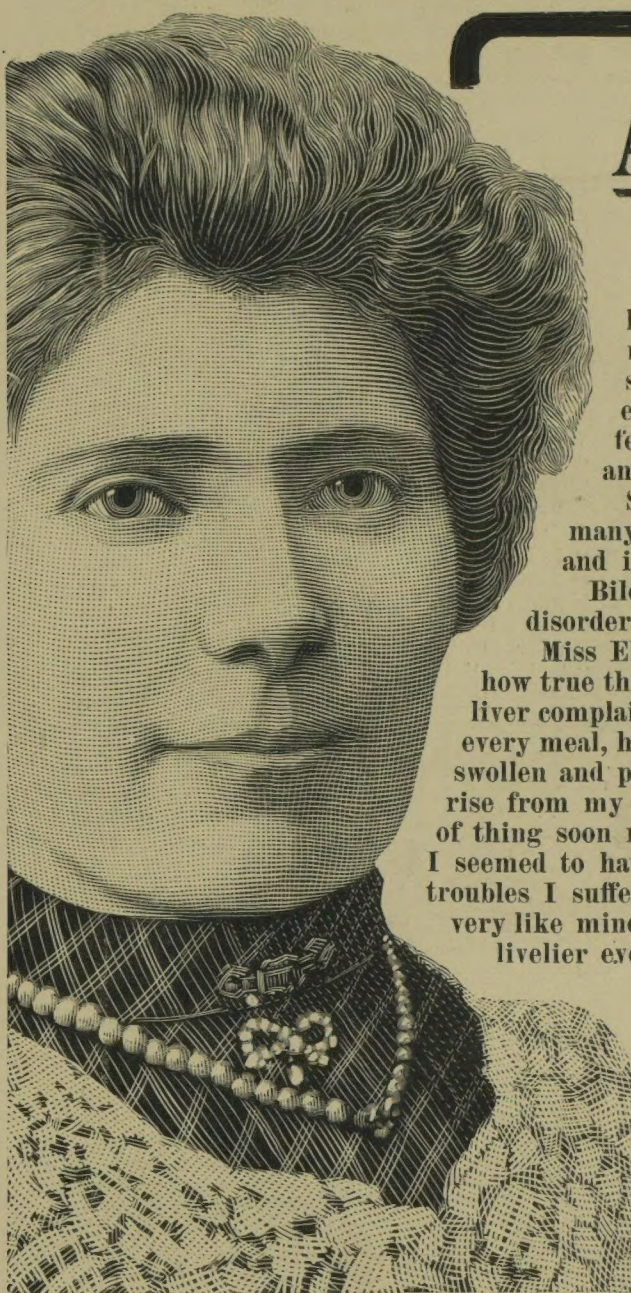
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TWO YEARS OF INDIGESTION AND LIVER TROUBLES—THEN BILE BEANS AND PERFECT HEALTH.



Miss Ellie O'Neill.

Do you suffer from indigestion? There are almost as many forms of this ailment as there are hours in the day, and some of them are most alarming. That sour taste in your mouth after meals is one form of indigestion; that severe pain after eating, and the pain that begins some hours after you sit down to table as ravenous as a wolf, but before you have eaten enough for a rabbit you feel as if you had eaten an ox—that's another kind of indigestion. Do you feel heavy, dull, and listless all day, and sleepless at night? That is another kind of indigestion; and in yet another form you rise in a morning with a dry, parched tongue and a feverish headache. Sometimes there is pain and distension of the abdomen. That is indigestion, too; and there are many other forms, for indigestion is really the journey of the food along a tube nearly ten yards long, and its transformation into new blood during that journey.

Bile Beans are a perfect specific for every form of indigestion, because they help diseased and disordered organs to work out their own salvation.

Miss Ellie O'Neill, who lives and serves at The Rectory, Pallas Green, Co. Limerick, found out for herself how true that statement is. "For over two years" says Miss O'Neill "I suffered tortures from indigestion and liver complaint. Although I took the greatest possible care as to diet, I could eat nothing with comfort. After every meal, however light and wholesome, I was tortured with stomach pains, and a feeling as if my liver was swollen and puffed up. I could not sleep soundly because of bad headaches and nervous restlessness, and would rise from my bed as weary as when I lay down to rest. All day I felt heavy, depressed, and hopeless. This sort of thing soon made me so ill that I was not fit for work. I was treated by a doctor, but I got steadily worse. I seemed to have a score of ailments at the same time, and it would be impossible for me to tell you half the troubles I suffered from. At last I saw an advertisement of Bile Beans in 'T. A. T.' which spoke of a case very like mine. I put aside the doctor's medicine and tried Bile Beans, and found myself getting lighter and livelier every day. This welcome improvement continued until I was sound and well once more. Bile Beans

proved very satisfactory to me in all my ailments, and I can truly say I never felt better in my life than I do now."

Bile Beans for Biliousness, the world's most successful tonic-alterative, are sold only in sealed boxes, of all chemists, or post free from the Bile Bean Mfg. Co., 4, Red Cross Street, London, E.C., at 1/1½ and 2/9 (triple size).

FREE BOX

The Proprietors desire that every reader of this paper should put Bile Beans to the test. It will cost nothing beyond the mere trouble of sending for a trial sample box. Simply enclose rd. stamp to defray return postage, and mention the "Illustrated London News," Sept. 22, 1906.

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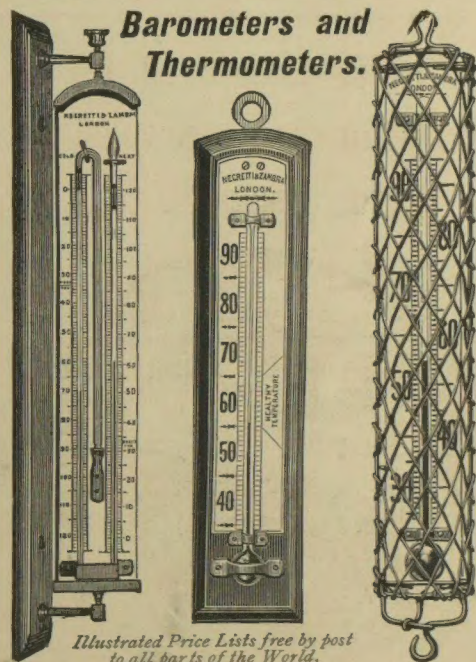
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OLDEST AND
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Ask for this Brand
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and be satisfied
with NO OTHER.

great-nephew who succeeds to the Tickhill property and two-thirds to the other children of her said late nephew.

The Scotch confirmation of the trust disposition and settlement (dated July 24, 1905) of MR. HENRY WOLRIGE GORDON, of Hallhead and Esslemont, Aberdeen, who died on July 14, granted to Robert Gordon Gordon Gilmour, the son; James Ferguson, K.C., and John Turner, was resealed in London on Sept. 4, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland being £133,437.

Letters of administration of the estate of MR. EDWARD HERDMAN, of 4, Albemarle Street, and Court Lodge, Ewhurst, Sussex, who died on June 30, intestate, have been granted to Mrs. Mary Herdman, the mother of Arthur Waddington Herdman, Mabel Eleanor Herdman, Gladys Ethel Mary Herdman, and Joy Maude Herdman, the nephew and nieces, and next-of-kin, who are minors, the value of the property being £69,789.

The will (dated July 25, 1905) of MR. WALTER JACKSON, of Stanley House, Stonebridge Park, Willesden, 6, Crosby Square, E.C., and 21, Clifton Hill, Brighton, who died on May 24, was proved on Sept. 3 by Walter Edward Harold Jackson, the son, Archibald Grey Rickinson, and George Stephen Godfree, the value of the property amounting to £23,459. The testator gives £250 a year



THE NEW ARROL-JOHNSTON SHOOTING-CAR.

The photograph is one of the first taken of the new 12-15 h.p. Arrol-Johnston Shooting-Car, with a natural wood body fitted by Reid's Perth Carriage and Motor Works. The inside seats are made to fold down for the accommodation of luggage in connection with the deer-shooting. "De Nevers" tyres are fitted to the hind wheels, and "Continental" tyres to the front wheels.

to his wife while she remains his widow or an annuity of £200 should she again marry; £100 each to his executors; and the residue of his property, in trust, for all his children.

The will (dated April 28, 1903) of the HON MILDRED CHARLOTTE, MARQUISE DE LA BEDOYER, of Rosemead House, Rosemead, Westmeath, and formerly of 76, Cheyne Court, Chelsea, who died on Aug. 1, has been proved by her sons, Comte Charles de la Bedoyer and Vicomte Yvon de la Bedoyer, the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland being £67,427. The testatrix gives all her property to her two sons.

Readers who are smokers will do well to send for samples of the State Express cigarettes, Quo Vadis cigarettes, and Ardath smoking mixture. The Ardath Tobacco Company's announcement is on page 421, and we would state that their productions have the support of the medical profession and the *Lancet*.

The firm to whom the task of furnishing "Toddles," at the Duke of York's Theatre, was entrusted, Messrs. Oetzmann and Co., 62-79, Hampstead Road, W., have long been known for the good taste and sound discretion which they display in this department of their business, and "Toddles" is no exception to the rule.

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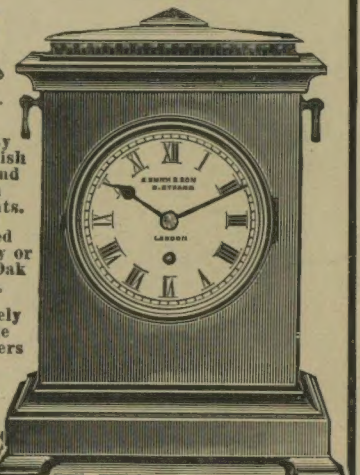
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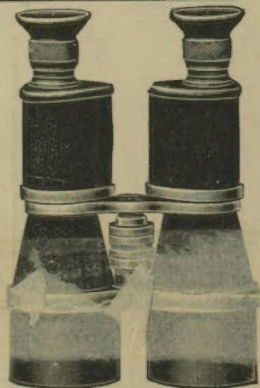
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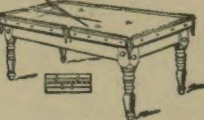
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7 ft. by 3 ft. 7 in., on four legs ...	14 0 0

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Size of Billiard Table.	Size of Dining Table.	Cash Price.
5 ft. 4 in. by 2 ft. 10 in.	5 ft. 8 in. by 3 ft. 2 in.	£9 10 0
6 ft. 4 in. by 3 ft. 4 in.	6 ft. 8 in. by 3 ft. 8 in.	10 10 0
7 ft. 4 in. by 3 ft. 10 in.	7 ft. 8 in. by 4 ft. 2 in.	12 10 0
8 ft. 4 in. by 4 ft. 4 in.	8 ft. 8 in. by 4 ft. 8 in.	17 10 0
9 ft. 4 in. by 4 ft. 11 in.	9 ft. 8 in. by 5 ft. 3 in.	22 10 0

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3. 4 ft. 10 in. by 2 ft. 7 in.	1 ft. 7 in.	3 10 0
4. 5 ft. 4 in. by 2 ft. 10 in.	1 ft. 10 in.	4 2 6
5. 6 ft. 4 in. by 3 ft. 4 in.	1 ft. 11 in.	4 17 6
6. 7 ft. 4 in. by 3 ft. 10 in.	1 ft. 11 in.	6 15 0
7. 8 ft. 4 in. by 4 ft. 4 in.	2 in.	9 15 0
8. 9 ft. 4 in. by 4 ft. 11 in.	2 in.	13 0 0
9. 10 ft. 4 in. by 5 ft. 4 in.	2 in.	15 15 0

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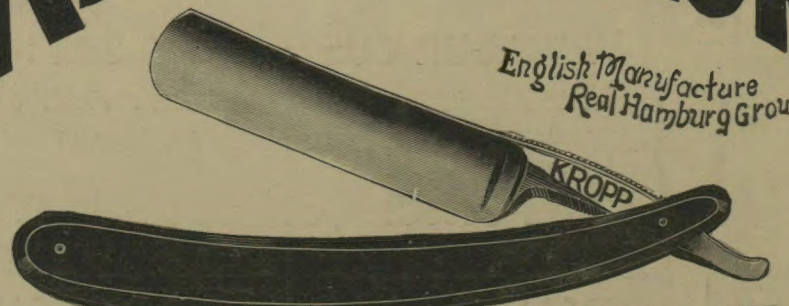
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